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The Times Literary Supplement

July 17 1987 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

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A freedom-marcher in the late 1950s. The photograph is taken from *King Remembered* by Filip Schilt and Penelope O. McPhie (303pp. W. Norton, £16, 0 393 02256 0).

The stirring of black America

George M. Fredrickson

DAVID J. GARROW

Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference
800pp. New York: Morrow. \$19.95.
0688047947

ADAM FAIRCLOUGH

To Redeem the Soul of America: The Southern Christian Leadership Conference and Martin Luther King, Jr.
504pp. Athens: University of Georgia Press.
\$35 (paperback, \$17.95).
0820308986

Now that the American civil rights movement of the 1950s and 60s has become the object of intense and sophisticated historical investigation, a plethora of new information is coming to light on how the leadership made its decisions and conducted its campaigns. We in fact already know more about what the participants in this struggle said and did behind closed doors than we are ever likely to learn about the inner workings of earlier social reform movements in American history. The abolitionists, woman's suffragists and prohibitionists - to take three prominent crusades of the past - did not tell their stories to skilled interviewers with tape recorders and certainly were not kept under close surveillance by the FBI. But oral testimony and verbatim reports of private conversations, like other kinds of historical source material, do not speak for themselves; they have to be selected, organized and evaluated. The most interesting and significant questions are not directly answered by such "facts"; they become resolvable in satisfying ways only when the historian is able to work his information into larger patterns of meaning. As interpretation proceeds, differences of opinion emerge and certain "issues" are defined that stimulate further inquiry and new interpretations.

Seen from this vantage-point, civil rights history is in a very early stage of development. The fundamental question of causation - what preconditions and precipitating factors enabled a mass protest movement against racial segregation to arise and achieve some dramatic successes at that particular moment in American history - has scarcely been addressed in a systematic way. The paradoxical fact that a radical, if non-violent, protest movement brought significant social change at a time when the mood of the country was otherwise quite conservative has not been much remarked upon or thought about. As a stimulus for discussion if nothing else, it would be useful if some brave historian of Marxist persuasion were to argue that the civil rights "revolution" - or at least the legislation that it produced - was at bottom a successful adjustment of American capitalism to immediate or potential threats to its hegemony.

If the biggest questions have not yet been posed, certain lesser issues are clearly on the agenda. One of these concerns the personal role and historical significance of Martin Luther King, Jr. There is no doubt that King was the single most important leader of the black freedom struggle. But how important was he in relation to other sources of strength and initiative within the movement? Clearly the popular notion, as reflected in the establishment of King's birthday as a national holiday, is that King was the movement, or as much of it as deserves to be commemorated. Few historians would be prepared to reduce history to biography in this simple fashion. But it is arguable whether King's personal leadership was indispensable to the campaign against the Jim Crow laws (segregation in the American South) or whether he served merely as the convenient and useful symbol for a great stirring of black America that could not have been denied even if he had never lived. Standing behind this, of course, is the perennial debate about the role of personality and individual greatness in history. The argument takes on a distinctly modern form, however, as the current tendency of social historians to play down the role of "elites" in favour of a populist "history from the bottom up" collides with the Weberian view that individual "charisma" is a historical force in its own right.

David J. Garrow's book *Bearing the Cross* and Adam Fairclough's *To Redeem the Soul of*

America tend to come down on opposite sides, or at least at different points on a spectrum of opinion about King's personal role. Both authors quote Ella Baker's well-known judgment that "the movement made Martin rather than Martin making the movement". Garrow endorses Baker's opinion without qualification, calling it in his conclusion "the crucial point, the central fact of his life". Fairclough, on the other hand, seems to come to the conclusion that King made the movement - or at least his branch of it, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference - at least as much as it made him; his unique qualities left their stamp, and if nothing else, he was the only black leader who could mediate effectively between two key loci of the movement's support, "the fundamentalist culture of the Southern black church and the intellectual culture of the Northern white university". It is paradoxical that Garrow's detailed "personal portrait" makes no substantial claim for King as an autonomous mover and shaker, while Fairclough, who is writing a history of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, emphasizes King's unique contribution and crucial role as the organization's leader. The inversion of terms in the similar

tially straightforward narrative history with little in the way of analysis or interpretation. When he wants to make a point, he normally does it indirectly, through his choice of quotes from King's associates or other contemporary observers. Despite - or perhaps because of - the way it piles up massive and sometimes apparently inconsequential detail, the book makes absorbing reading. Although its prose is only serviceable at best, it succeeds in drawing the reader into the flow of events and conveying a vivid sense of what King experienced, at ordinary as well as exceptional moments. One is impressed above all with how painful, difficult and dangerous it was to be in his position.

One of Garrow's central themes is that King did not seek or welcome leadership in the movement. His involvement in the Albany, Georgia, protests of 1961-2 was, according to Garrow, "just like the Montgomery boycott, just like the Atlanta sit-ins, just like the Freedom Rides. It was not an involvement that Martin King had sought out, not a protest he had instigated or planned, not an event that he was eager to be involved in." What his role required, it seems from reading Garrow, was

after midnight on January 27, 1956, King was sitting alone at his kitchen table reflecting on the anonymous phone calls he had had, when, as he later recalled, "I could hear an inner voice saying to me, 'Martin Luther, stand up for righteousness. Stand up for justice. Stand up for truth. And I will be with you until the end of the world.' ... Almost at once my fears began to go. My uncertainty disappeared." Garrow makes much of this kitchen-table revelation; indeed the sense of mission that it engendered is his total explanation for the inner strength that enabled King to carry on for more than twelve years in the face of extreme physical dangers and psychological pressures. It is not easy to think of a better explanation.

Although he is awed by King's religious faith, Garrow shows scant interest in its content or in the religious thought that surrounded it. He accords little significance to the fact that King was a trained theologian who had wrestled with the "crisis theology" of Niebuhr and Tillich; he is clearly not inclined to take King seriously as a religious thinker or to explore the relevance to his activism of a sustained intellectual effort to reconcile black evangelicalism with the existentialist, "neo-orthodox" version of white liberal Protestantism. But we may anticipate other studies that will attempt to root King's psychological strength and prophetic vision in his religious thought as well as in his personal piety.

The book's main shortcoming is inseparable from its virtues. By focusing so heavily on King's immediate circumstances and eschewing any claim that King created or dominated the civil rights movement, Garrow denies himself the opportunity to advance new interpretations of the causes, character and significance of the black freedom struggle as a whole. Except to the extent that we reorganize and re-evaluate for ourselves the facts that he has uncovered, we are left with little new understanding of the larger meaning of the events he describes so minutely. Clearly Garrow aimed simply to write the definitive chronicle of King's life during the period of his public eminence; and we should be grateful that he has performed the task with such skill and integrity.

Adam Fairclough's *To Redeem the Soul of America* covers much the same ground as *Bearing the Cross*, but events are described in less detail and more effort is made to explain them, put them into historical perspective, and register disagreement with other historians on controversial points. Given the enormous popular and critical acclaim for *Bearing the Cross*, Fairclough's fine study may be in danger of being overlooked or given short shrift. Garrow has covered King and SCLC so thoroughly that his volume will remain an indispensable tool for decades to come, but Fairclough's work, although its lifespan may be shorter, should in the meantime prove more useful to those seeking a general understanding of the crusade that King led and exemplified.

Fairclough's King exercises a more active and commanding kind of leadership than Garrow's. "His death", Fairclough concludes, "revealed how completely he dominated [SCLC] through intellect, personality, and organizational skill." After giving due weight to King's crucial public-relations role and his obvious courage and idealism, Fairclough goes on to praise his "more subtle qualities of leadership", his "ability to use people - not in the sense of utilizing their talents to further an ideal. Unrelentingly self-critical himself, he tolerated weakness, frailty, and error in his colleagues for the sake of harnessing their strengths." According to this view, King's apparent vacillation, indecisiveness and tolerance of squabbling among his associates - which from Garrow's account could be taken as personal weaknesses or obstacles to the movement's success - become hallmarks of an astute and effective style of leadership.

Although Fairclough verges at times on making King and SCLC synonymous, he is too good a historian to base his account primarily on a mysterious and accidental charisma, and he locates both the man and the organization in their specific social context. Clergymen like King and SCLC's other leaders were in the vanguard of the Southern civil rights movement, partly because they had an economic



John Edgar Hoover

independence denied to members of the black middle class who were "vulnerable to white economic retaliation". Unlike teachers, academics and businessmen, ministers were supported exclusively by blacks, and, what is more, by the strongest independent organizations in the black community – the Churches. Fairclough also notes in passing that the black Church provided a reservoir of idealism and commitment upon which black clergymen could draw once they embarked on a mass movement for racial reform.

He chooses, however, not to explore the ideology and culture of Southern black Christianity, preferring to concentrate on "the rational calculation behind SCLC" – an avoidance of the emotional and religious side of the movement which helps to give his study coherence, but at the expense of comprehensiveness. Fairclough does a convincing job of demonstrating that SCLC (whatever its ultimate inspiration) pursued its objectives in a remarkably rational way and that its effectiveness owed much to King's pragmatic leadership. He disputes the view – set forth by Garrow among others – that the movement's tactic of non-

violence began as a naive belief that white racists could be converted by moral example, that their Christian and democratic consciences could be aroused by symbolic acts revealing the cruelty and injustice of segregation, and that it was only after the failure of this moral appeal that non-violence became a hard-headed coercive strategy. He acknowledges King's deep commitment to the morality of passive resistance, but denies that King "ever believed that nonviolent protest functioned solely, or even mainly as a form of moral persuasion". He finds evidence from the earliest days of the struggle that King appreciated "the necessity of power" and was enough of a realist to recognize that economic pressure, usually in the form of boycotts, was essential to the success of the movement.

He defends King and his associates, on the other hand, from charges that they deliberately provoked lethal violence, in a Machiavellian bid to arouse public sympathy in the North and compel federal intervention. He points out that the movement "elicited relatively little white violence". The classic confrontations in Birmingham and Selma were carefully orches-

trated to reveal the violent propensities of racist whites without actually resulting in serious bloodshed. Ensuring that TV cameramen and newspaper reporters were present in large numbers served to restrain white-supremacist policemen and state troopers: "SCLC sought to evoke dramatic violence rather than deadly violence, and King, as one commentator pointed out in 1965, constantly retreated 'from situations that might result in the deaths of his followers'."

Fairclough makes a strong case that SCLC was a finely tuned and flexible instrument of reform and that King, besides being an inspirational leader, was also a master tactician. But we would have to go back to Garrow – and well beyond – to discover what it was that gave King and the other ministers active in SCLC the will to persevere from day to day in their struggle against the entrenched racial order, in the face of resistance from Southern white-supremacists and the inertia of a federal government exceedingly reluctant to intervene in the Southern states in protection of legally recognized black rights (or even black lives) during the decade of agitation that preceded the Civil

Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965. Nor does Fairclough explain what enabled the leaders of SCLC to withstand the intimidation and violence that their protest evoked, and to refuse the debilitating compromises offered by white liberals and moderates. Their staying power and ability to keep their "eyes on the prize" of full legal and political equality came, as Garrow shows, from an unshakeable sense that God and history were on their side. This conviction was born of a fusion of American democratic idealism and black religious culture. The sense of mission that Garrow ascribes to King personally must also be attributed to SCLC as a whole, and to the Southern civil rights movement in general. Neither King's kitchen-table epiphany nor a sociological analysis of clerical leadership exhausts the subject of the movement's religious direction and inspiration. An entirely adequate account of Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference will have to begin with a deeper and fuller appreciation of the Southern black Church as an institutional and ideological force than either of these otherwise excellent books provide.

Fantasy of a family

David Adams

DORIS KEARNS GOODWIN

The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys: An American saga
932pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £16.95.
0297 790900

The story of the Fitzgeralds of the North End and the Kennedys of Eastern Boston, Irish immigrant families both, is at once typical and exceptional. Thomas Fitzgerald, labourer, pedlar, keeper of a "grocery-groggery", had among his twelve children a third son, John Fitzgerald, who became a newsboy extraordinary, pupil at the Latin School, Harvard medical student, and political soldier for the North End Democratic Party machine. He graduated from ward-heeler to councilman, state senator, US congressman and finally, on January 1, 1906, was installed as mayor of Boston. His was a scandal-ridden administration, but perhaps no more so than most. His eldest daughter, Rose, became enamoured of Joseph Kennedy, whose father was a tavern-keeper, active in Democratic politics, who had served

for eight successive terms in the State House. The boy had been put through the Boston Latin School and Harvard, and on graduation determined to make money. He went into banking, and in 1914 married Rose Fitzgerald, so uniting the two families into what Doris Kearns Goodwin calls a political dynasty.

Ms Goodwin's account of the marriage is heroic if not particularly gratifying. During the First World War Kennedy managed the Fore River shipyard of Bethlehem Steel and so was able to avoid the draft. Rose bore him nine children in seventeen years, and Joseph made money, principally in speculation. He became associated with the burgeoning film industry of Hollywood, and also with Gloria Swanson, enjoying both and adding to his fortune. He survived the Wall Street crash of 1929 financially intact, supported FDR in the 1932 campaign and hoped for public office, but had to wait until 1934 when he was appointed chairman of the new Securities and Exchange Commission. He later became chairman of the Maritime Commission, and then spent a rather controversial two years as American Ambassador to the Court of St James's. A major theme in the Kennedy family history is sensitivity about

status vis-à-vis the Boston Brahmin establishment, which intensified the Kennedys' ambition for social acceptance. Joseph Jr was the embodiment of the family's aspirations but he was killed on active service in 1944. His beautiful sister, Kathleen, married the heir to the Duke of Devonshire during the same year, but within months was widowed and in 1948 was herself killed in a plane crash in Europe. The third member of the "golden trio", John Fitzgerald Kennedy, was elected president of the United States in 1960. The Boston Irish seemed, finally, to have arrived, but he was assassinated in 1963.

This is, indeed, an American saga and Goodwin presents the dynasty with a fluency which gushes forth, with nicknames and informal diminutives helping to create an impression of insider's knowledge. Oral history is uncritically appropriated, so that thoughts that can have no confirmation beyond family mythology are attributed to specific people. It seems altogether too fanciful to suppose that Rose Fitzgerald, had she been allowed to attend Wellesley College as she wished, might have become the first Catholic president of the United States instead of her son. It is not easy to sympathize with a millionaire ambassador's

wife who complains that during a period of Court mourning she had so many parties to go to and so few black dresses. Despite the rhetoric of the secure family both parents were frequently away, separately: neither attended Joe Jr's graduation, the father kept a check on all his children's dates, and had a lobotomy performed on the retarded daughter Rosemary without even informing his wife. This book strongly suggests that the idea of the family became a substitute for parental care. And in the case of the Fitzgeralds and Kennedys the personalities concerned were strong enough to be able to impose a pretence of reality that became self-fulfilling.

This large and sprawling book demands no previous knowledge on the part of its readers. There are therefore frequent excursions into the social history of Boston, the nature of the stock market, the film industry and so on. These are neatly done and indicate what a good narrative historian the author is, but Goodwin's method of allowing the family to expose itself gives the book a total impact which, if intended, makes it a subtle and sophisticated volume of revisionist history. Otherwise it is a disturbing piece of writing from someone trained in better ways.

Gripping and bragging

Richard King

THOMAS P. RIGGIO (Editor)

Dreiser-Mencken Letters: The correspondence of Theodore Dreiser and H. L. Mencken, 1907-1945
Two volumes, 843pp. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. Volume One, £29.70, Volume Two, £39.95; £59.45 the set.
081228083
PETER W. DOWELL (Editor)
"Ich Kuss die Hand": The letters of H. L. Mencken to Gretchen Hood
150pp. University of Alabama Press. \$19.95.
0817302964

"Need 3 funny editorials Bad. Can I get them Monday?" wrote Theodore Dreiser, then a magazine editor, to a young writer named H. L. Mencken in 1907. Both men lived from, as well as for, their writing – mainly novels in the case of Dreiser; literary and cultural criticism as well as books on language, religion, philosophy and politics in the case of Mencken. Eventually, they exchanged enough letters to fill two hefty volumes, now edited with useful introductory material by Thomas P. Riggio.

Neither man's reputation or influence has survived intact. With Mencken's critical help, Dreiser moved and shocked the American reading public in the first two decades of this century; yet Dreiser is now more studied in universities than read with pleasure or shock. For several decades Mencken was every closet rebel's favourite iconoclast, the scourge of the "booboisie" and bohemians, of anti-evolution-

ists and political radicals ("red-ink" boys), of Protestants, Catholics and Jews, of genteel traditionalists ("the lady critics, male and female") and British culture ("English pecksniffery must be crushed"). He wrote to Dreiser with disarming insouciance in 1914: "Given health and strength we can shake the American Jericho to its fourth sub-story." Yet by the early 1930s he had become a cranky reactionary, inveighing against Franklin D. Roosevelt and all his works. Mencken's influence hardly survived the Depression.

The correspondence between Mencken and Dreiser stretches from 1907 to Dreiser's death in 1945 and is dominated by two concerns. Because Dreiser was dogged by the censors throughout his early career, he and Mencken gripped ceaselessly about the power of American priggery and the perils of American publishers. Mencken's advice was constantly solicited by the novelist; several letters contain truncated critiques of Dreiser's work which Mencken later worked up into longer essays on Dreiser's fiction and published in *Smart Set*, *Seven Arts*, *American Mercury*, plus various daily newspapers, on into the 1920s. As time passed, Dreiser's initial enthusiasm for Dreiser's work waned. Riggio helpfully reprints the essays and in them we see Mencken's enthusiasm for a radical new talent shift to a sometimes brutal dissection of Dreiser's shortcomings – a cumbersome style, a lack of shape to his novels, a weakness for the pseudo-profound and the semi-mystical. Dreiser had to take a lot of this literary bashing, and eventually broke off the correspondence for several years.

The other main concern of the letters is with American culture generally and its hostility to the artist in particular. Taking American culture to be either natively philistine or derivative of "the snobbery of English intellectual-ity", Mencken and Dreiser were devoted Germanophiles in war and peace. Mencken fancied himself a kind of New World Nietzsche. But his racial, sexual and religious jibes were often offensive. "Don't move!" he advised Grétochen Hood, a singer living in Washington, DC, with whom he exchanged letters and flirtations in the 1920s and 30s, "the coons may be bad, but they are better than whites".

If philistinism and puritanism were prime cultural enemies, then opposition to Prohibition was the closest Mencken came to political radicalism. The 1930s found Dreiser moving left politically, while Mencken, ever the Germanophile, could write as late as 1941: "Whether or not Hitler has invented anything better, I can't make out." The letters are marked by a running series of jokes about the two men's sexual prowess, their fondness for drink and their contempt for religion of any sort. Mencken, for instance, frequently ended his letters with "Yours in X's (Christ)", and he adopted much the same tone in correspondence with Gretchen Hood, collected in *Ich Kuss die Hand*. As Peter Dowell observes in his informative introduction to that volume, the constant joking, the sallow invective about friends and enemies, and the incessant monitoring of his own health marked the private Mencken. If there was one, it was his humour, occasionally pulled off, but usually at

the expense of someone else, especially some discriminated-against minority, Jews in particular. Still he could be generous and brave and even conscious of the slightly ridiculous figure he cut.

Yet, however important to literary scholars these collections of letters are, they will make little difference in our assessment of Mencken's general cultural importance. Despite his scorn for the avant-garde, Mencken paved the way for modernism, bullying and laughing the genteel tradition out of existence. Still, he was no Edmund Wilson, and it is perhaps Mencken the humorist who will prove most enduring. Though at times he could sound like a slightly less bilious Evelyn Waugh, his true precursor was Mark Twain, another compulsively funny man haunted by nothingness and gentility. Finally, however, Mencken was that rarest of creatures in American cultural life – a reactionary without a religious bone in his body and a conservative with a sense of the ridiculous.

With All My Might, the autobiography of Brskine Caldwell (322pp. Atlanta, Georgia: Peachtree: \$19.95, 0 934601 11 9) was published shortly before the author's death early this year. Caldwell was the author of over fifty books, the first of them published in 1929; he had his major successes with two novels, *Tobacco Road* (1932) and *God's Little Acre* (1933). His autobiography, highlighted with surprisingly vivid recollections of conversations that took place over seventy years ago, describes the story of his early days as a reporter, his several marriages, and the writing of his novels.

Mothers and daughters

Virginia Llewellyn Smith

TANIA ALEXANDER

A Little of All These: An Estonian childhood
168pp. Cape. £12.50.
0234 024000
LUCY ADDISON
Letters from Latvia
Edited by Rhona Chave
133pp. Macdonald. £9.95.
0356 105695
FLORA LEIPMAN
The Long Journey Home: The memoirs of Flora Leipman
240pp. Bantam. £12.95.
093010337
EUGENIA HUNTINGDON
The Unsettled Account: An autobiography
225pp. Severn House. £9.95.
0727820650

"Please don't forget my name; I'll never forget yours." This was the way prisoners were able to pass on messages to other prisoners . . . Those who did not have paper wrote messages on bits of their petticoats and tore them off. If the train stayed for an hour or two, the whole platform would be covered with these messages.

The year is 1937, the train one of those that carried thousands of deportees – Russians, Jews, Poles – across the Soviet Union to exile and the labour camps. In a patternless existence, where destinies and destinations appeared totally arbitrary, a name remembered, an address passed on, might just be the link that would reconnect a divided family. Each of the books reviewed here is a record of lives disrupted by revolution and war in Eastern Europe. They are the stories of those who survived, and a memorial to those who did not.

The title of Tania Alexander's *A Little of All These* alludes to the racial mixture – Scandinavian, Teutonic and Slav – found in Estonia, where she grew up. Her book is the odd one out here, because Tania was out of it when the Second World War started, sent to England for safety. Though her father, a victim of post-revolutionary violence, was found shot dead on his estate, Kallijärvi, Tania's childhood there was peaceful and happy. She recalls nostalgically that vanished world, the beauty of the place, its simple sociable pleasures, good plain food and the good plain common sense of her Aunt Zoria and Irish governess, Micky, who presided over all. Tania Alexander pays tribute to the stoic endurance of these women, both of whom suffered much in the loss of their homes and family. All this is told, however, in a determinedly impersonal style, so that, except in one case, the "powerful personalities" described remain stiffly inscrutable.

The exception is Tania's mother, the celebrated *femme fatale* Moura Budberg, whose love-affairs with Robert Bruce Lockhart, Maxim Gorky and H. G. Wells are recounted here (as they have been elsewhere). Where Micky and Aunt Zoria come alive is in Tania's sharp perception of what they, left to bring up her children, thought of Moura. When Tania lived with her mother in England, she saw how her mother used and was jealous of her. Her acknowledgement of Moura's "great courage and determination" (undeniable – Moura was a survivor if ever there was one) sounds like the perfunctory salutation of a well-brought-up child; and is followed by an ironic account of Moura's "long life on the fringe of literature" (an admirer being described as "another of those to whom Moura had entrusted the sole rights in her biography"). Tania concludes by asserting that her mother was larger than the legend, but offers no evidence that Moura Budberg was greater than the sum of her parts, or partners. History, biography, an exploration of the relationship between mother and daughter: Tania Alexander's book is a little of all these, but not enough of any one of them.

Letters from Latvia, on the other hand, is a concentrated slice of one woman's life, strongly flavoured with her own personality: Lucy Addison grew up and married within a small English community that had been in Latvia for several generations. In 1939 she sent her granddaughters to England; her letters to them, and the journal she kept bear witness to subsequent events. The Addisons were shipped off to

Germany: "Serves them right for grumbling", commented Mrs Addison, seeing through Hitler's promise of a better life in the Fatherland. Came the "Bolshis", and the Addisons were turned out of their home; but – luckier than 45,000 deported Letts – were able to move in with their son. Then the Germans invaded, and Mrs Addison records Nazi atrocities of a kind which now make familiar reading. On the road from Riga she met an old Jewish woman, exhausted and left behind by her fleeing family: "I gave her a walking-stick and bade her god-speed." Herself over eighty, Mrs Addison found the German soldiers "well-behaved" and "polite and civil to old ladies".

If, with hindsight, one inevitably finds her way with human suffering rather too brisk, it must be remembered that her apparent detachment owed much to old age and to a type of upbringing which decreed that displays of emotion should be kept firmly within the domestic, and especially female, circle. Lucy Addison's letters are full of vitality and humour, but she bares her soul only in her yearning to see her granddaughters again. She never did, though she and her husband survived until 1946, thanks to the goodwill of neighbours and, in particular, to the devotion of their unmarried daughter. The Addisons' coffins were draped

with the Union Jack. Being British may have meant a lot to Lucy; yet it is clear that being the linchpin of a loving family meant much more.

Thirty-seven years after Lucy Addison's death, Flora Leipman, a middle-aged Scots-woman and Soviet citizen, kept a poster of the Royal Wedding hidden in her wardrobe in Batumi, on the Black Sea. In 1932 after the death of her husband, Flora's Russian-born mother had removed her four children from a happy, comfortable existence in Glasgow and taken them to Leningrad to live with her brother – who was understandably reluctant, given the climate of the times, to welcome foreigners into his home. The mother was arrested as a spy, the family split up, and Flora was deported alone, aged nineteen, to Kazakhstan. The memory of Britain and her family seemed to her then a lifeline to sanity. Her story, *The Long Journey Home*, is at times a bewilderingly rapid sequence of places and relationships that effectively conveys the disorientation of those terrible times. Nothing, on the face of it, made sense. Only dreams, usually sinister, seemed to foretell the future. A prisoner might escape the worst, but without knowing why, or by whose intervention.

Flora survived the dangers and degradation of camp life and the harsh conditions of the

steppe – in summer malaria, in winter cold so intense that the corpses from the hospital morgue had to be propped up like tailor's dummies round the stove before an autopsy could be performed. Flora acquired nursing skills and, finding her mother after fifteen years, built a new "rehabilitated" life for them together. At the end of it, her mother had accepted the Soviet system and Flora's niece, the daughter of her sister Cecile who had died in a camp, broke off all contact with her "English spy" relations. For Flora, Britain became more than ever a symbol of her otherness, and last hope. Only in 1984 did she obtain an exit visa. One is glad that her eventual reunion with her brother in the West happened after her story was written: it would have made an ending too moving to bear telling.

The Unsettled Account, an autobiography in certain respects similar to Flora Leipman's, begins as the story of a young army officer's wife in Poland between the wars. Eugenia Huntingdon sets herself up as the epitome of a pampered bourgeoisie: attractive, elegant, not very maternal, with a husband, Nik, who gave her everything she wanted. Then, in September 1939, the Russians invaded, and Eugenia describes, with the same frankness and no trace of self-pity, how Nik went missing, and she herself was sent into exile with her young son. In Kazakhstan she made her home with three other Polish women and their four children: together they worked in the fields, sewed finery for the local women out of hoarded remnants, learnt to bribe and to barter. A Polish neighbour with two marriageable daughters complained of a Kazakh who kept hanging around her hut, crunching lice between his teeth as was the native habit. To Eugenia, who spoke Russian, fell the embarrassment of explaining what he wanted: not a wife, but the mother's gold tooth.

Evident throughout Eugenia's narrative are her sense of humour, interest in people and gratitude for such kindness as came her way – all things which strengthened her will to live in an environment not only physically hostile but poisoned by racial antagonism and the deceptions and betrayals engendered by the struggle for survival. She had to live, for her son's sake, and Nik's, if he was alive. What emerges clearly from her account, as from Flora Leipman's, is that perhaps the heaviest burden borne by women in their position was the burden of decision. To attempt escape, or to stay put? To lie, to tell the truth? No one knew how things might develop, but one wrong decision could spell the end of the story.

In this collective catalogue of human suffering, the most eloquent image is one of final severance: a small child's body is passed through a carriage window so that strangers standing on the platform might bury it; the train, carrying the mother, rolls on.



Michael Ignatieff's grandparents, Paul and Naushe Ignatieff, outside their home in Upper Melbourne, Quebec, in 1944. A detail from a photograph in the book reviewed below.

The grandparents' story

Roger Scruton

MICHAEL IGNATIEFF

The Russian Album
191pp. Chatto and Windus. £12.95.
0701131098

The Russian Album tells the story of Michael Ignatieff's grandparents – Count Paul Ignatieff, and his wife, Princess Natasha Mestcharska. The book is a work of plety – a memorial to people whom the author wished to love but who died before he could know them. Both Paul and Natasha left manuscript memoirs of their Russian years – the one as politician, diplomat and (eventually) last Minister of Education in the Cabinet of Tsar Nicholas II, the other as a fertile wife and mother, whose warm good sense was eventually to see the family through the ordeal of revolution and into English and Canadian exile. From these memoirs, and from his own researches, Ignatieff has constructed an artful and touching story, rich in detail, and also a model of narrative economy.

The book is a conscious search for roots, and the reader never loses sight of the anxious, nomadic author standing in the wings, identifying with his characters, and attending to their

words and gestures with a vivid personal concern. In a characteristic introductory chapter, Ignatieff reflects on the need for family ties, and for a connection with history that will illuminate and justify the burden of inherited culture. "Because emigration, exile and expatriation are now the normal condition of existence," he asserts (with untypical exaggeration), "it is almost impossible to find the right words for rootedness and belonging. Our need for home is cast in the language of loss; indeed, to have that need at all you have to be already homeless." One senses, in those words, the influence of Nabokov, whose father was a close friend of Paul Ignatieff. And one senses the mood of Ignatieff's book: reflective, questioning, and not without a touch of justified nostalgia.

Paul Ignatieff was a liberal reformist, of the kind familiar from so many Russian novels: a genuine aristocrat, who married in his personality the new aspirations of his class with a firm practical sense, and a democratic plainness of spirit. His grandson's portrait of him is warm and sympathetic, and even if it contributes little to our historical understanding, it adds a dimension to its subject-matter which is absent from most works of history. Paul is shown from within, from the presumed states of consciousness, the moral impulses, and the personal loves which were his first concern. His

other life, as a reluctant politician, is given no greater emphasis than is fitting to it, and is seen as an extension of that broad human sympathy which made Ignatieff so agreeable a member of his doomed and disparaged class.

Although Michael Ignatieff is rightly sparing of political judgments, and unconcerned either to defend or to criticize the ramshackle Tsardom in its last spasms of helplessness, it is impossible not to feel a strong surge of attraction, not only towards Paul Ignatieff, but also towards the ideal which inspired him, of a constitutional monarchy and a liberal rule of law. Had Ignatieff and his kind succeeded in carrying out the reforms to which they dedicated their energies, and had Russia not experienced the impact of the First World War, it is possible that the Soviet Union would never have arisen, and that the rule of law would never have been extinguished in the Russian homeland. Certainly no reader of this book can come away from it with the belief that Tsarist Russia was indistinguishable, in point of oppressiveness, lawlessness and arbitrary power, from its Leninist successor. That which everybody ought to have learned from Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Chekhov and Lermontov they can find again, firmly but delicately inscribed, in this book by one of the most engaging liberal intellects of our generation.

Fortunes of an infanticide

Simon Karlinsky

CARYL EMERSON
Boris Godunov: Transposition of a Russian theme
272pp. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. \$25.
0253 31202

Few events in modern history have appealed to the imagination of so many poets and playwrights of diverse literary traditions as the overthrow in 1605 of Boris Godunov, a monarch with dubious claims to the Russian throne, by a pretender of lowly birth known to history as the False Dmitry. The pretender claimed to be the youngest son of Ivan the Terrible, miraculously saved from the assassins sent by Boris to kill him fourteen years earlier.

Within a decade after the events in Moscow, there appeared in Spain Lope de Vega's play *El Gran Duque de Moscovia*, based on a somewhat distorted account of the defeat of Boris and the False Dmitry's short-lived triumph (he was deposed and put to death eleven months after his coronation). An even more distorted but still recognizable version reached England by 1618 in John Fletcher's play *The Loyal Subject*, as was demonstrated by Ervin C. Brody in his comprehensive study of the subject, *The Demetrius Legend and Its Literary Treatment in the Age of the Baroque*. Published in 1972, Brody's book, despite its title, also described the later treatments of the Boris Godunov and False Dmitry theme by German and Russian playwrights of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries (including its inexplicable popularity during the National Socialist period, when four dramas in German about the False Dmitry appeared in 1937 alone). This book supplemented and augmented the fundamental study published in the Soviet Union in 1936 by the noted Pushkin scholar Mikhail Alexeyev, who also examined the dramas, novels, poems and harlequinades the subject

inspired in England, France and Italy.

Since about the middle of the nineteenth century, historians have repeatedly demonstrated that the responsibility of Boris Godunov for the accidental death of the young Tsarevich Dmitry in 1591 was a legend deliberately kept alive by Russian chroniclers to curry favour with the tsars who reigned after the overthrow of the False Dmitry. The aim of this calumny was to discredit in the eyes of posterity the two upstart monarchs: Boris Godunov, who did not belong to any of the Russian princely houses of ancient lineage, came to rule first as the regent during the reign of Tsar Fyodor (the feeble-minded second son of Ivan the Terrible and the husband of Godunov's sister) and was elected to be tsar after Fyodor's death; and the False Dmitry, who impersonated the prince supposedly murdered as a child on Godunov's orders.

For about a century now, no responsible historian has believed that the real Dmitry was killed instead of falling accidentally on his own dagger during an epileptic seizure, which is what sources dating from the time of his death show. Yet, in theatres and opera-houses all over the world audiences watch the guilt-ridden Tsar Boris agonizing over the failures of his reign and the misfortunes visited upon his family and his people in retribution for the murder of an innocent child that had enabled him to attain the throne. This is the situation depicted in two major nineteenth-century works, Alexander Pushkin's neo-Shakespearean tragedy (1825) and Modest Musorgsky's Dostoevskian opera (two different versions, 1869 and 1874). The opera was based in part on Pushkin's play, but the ultimate source for both the poet and the composer was the tenth volume of the monumental *History of the Russian State* by Nikolai Karamzin (1766-1826).

Caryl Emerson's book is an interdisciplinary and intergeneric study of ways in which the work of a historian is transposed into a work of literature and what happens when history and literature are adapted for the operatic stage.

The author herself negotiates, with assurance and elegance, passages from one branch of scholarship to another, being equally sure-footed as a student of history, of literature and of music. The dominant presence in her book is neither the historical Boris Godunov, nor Karamzin, Pushkin or Musorgsky, though the last three are allotted a robust chapter each. It is instead Mikhail Bakhtin (1895-1975), the philosopher, linguist and literary scholar whose rapidly growing posthumous popularity in the English-speaking countries was attested in 1984 by the appearance of the excellent study of his life and ideas, *Mikhail Bakhtin* by Katerina Clark and Michael Holquist.

Caryl Emerson is one of Bakhtin's principal standard-bearers and popularizers in English. She has translated and edited his influential *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics* (first published in Russian in 1929) and is also the co-translator (together with Michael Holquist) of *The Dialogic Imagination*, a collection of four Bakhtin essays. For a number of years now, two Bakhtinian concepts have been in common use among teachers of Russian literature: the polyphonic novel (as in the novels of Dostoevsky, where the views of several characters are given equal weight and validity); and carnivalization, a special form of comedy that occurs when the powerful and powerless characters switch roles, as they did in carnival celebrations and also in novels by Rabelais and Dostoevsky.

These concepts have now moved to fields other than Russian literature and so have two others which are basic to Emerson's new book on Boris Godunov. Central to her approach are Bakhtinian "dialogism" (an artist who creates a work on a theme familiar to the audience is engaging in a dialogue with the artist who used this theme earlier); and "chronotope", a term Bakhtin found in Einstein's relativity theory and applied to literature to indicate that a literary work reflects the notions of time and space that are current in the period in which the writer lived. Chronotope was postulated by Bakhtin in his essay "Forms of Time and of the Chronotope in the Novel", a study of the Greek and Roman romances of the early Christian centuries. Emerson uses it as her main tool for investigating the transition of the theme of Boris and False Dmitry from one medium to another. "Chronotopes can never be abstract", Emerson explains. "Therefore every chronotope inevitably contains an evaluation . . . inevitably delimits and individualizes the perspective from which the story is told. It constitutes a justification for the unstated causality that joins a series of events into a plausible narrative."

Her most cogent examples are found in the chapter on Karamzin. Before his career as a historian, Nikolai Karamzin was a much-admired writer of sentimentalist fiction. His transition from the fictional to the historical mode of narration began, according to Emerson, in 1802, with a brief essay, "Historical Reminiscences and Observations on the Way to the Trinity (St Sergius Monastery)", in which there is a portrait of Boris Godunov as an enlightened monarch who did a great deal of good for his country. Yet, some two decades later, in the tenth volume of his *History*, which served as the main source for both Pushkin's and Musorgsky's works, Karamzin showed Boris as a gullible-crazed murderer.

Two historical developments occurred that changed Karamzin's idea of Godunov in the intervening years. In 1812, Russia was ravaged by the invasion of Napoleon, another parvenu monarch with no dynastic claims to support his right to the throne. Also, in an age when Shakespeare was regarded in both France and Russia as unsuitable for the stage and had to be performed in simplified and "regularized" neoclassical adaptations by Jean François Ducis, Karamzin was a long-time champion of the Bard in his original form. Back in 1787, Karamzin translated *Julius Caesar* from the English original and not from the French of Ducis, as was the custom at the time. Regarded as a wilful eccentricity in the 1780s, Karamzin's view that Shakespeare's plays did not need tampering with came to be generally accepted in Russia by the 1820s. As Emerson rightly points out, Godunov, the usurper of Karamzin's *History*, beats a strong likeness of Napoleon and of Shakespeare's Macbeth and Richard III.

Pushkin, as Emerson sees it, "drew on particular incidents in Karamzin's *History* and entered into a complex dialogue with the whole". It was a case of a poet of the Romantic age rethinking the historical account permeated with the sentimentalist outlook of Karamzin. Even though there is a section headed "The Shakespeare Connection" in the Pushkin chapter, Emerson underestimates the significance of Pushkin's self-proclaimed intention to sacrifice on the altar of "our father Shakespeare" the neoclassical unities and poetics in which Pushkin had been brought up. The discussion of the neoclassical views on translation and adaptation of foreign plays is handicapped by Emerson's failure (and that of the sources she cites) to realize that the tragedy *Dmitry the Pretender* by Pushkin's eighteenth-century predecessor Alexander Sumarokov and Sumarokov's emasculated version of *Hamlet* were conversions of the chronicle accounts and of Shakespeare into Sumarokov's admired neoclassical models, *Le Cid* by Corneille and *Britannicus* by Racine.

The chapter on Musorgsky is perhaps the richest in the book. Drawing on the recent ground-breaking studies of the operatic *Boris* by Robert William Oldani and Richard Tannekin, Emerson finds that the difference between the 1869 and 1874 versions can best be explained by Musorgsky's evolving concept of what an opera can be, by his withdrawal from Pushkin's model of *Boris* to that of Karamzin and by the fact that this music was composed in the age of Dostoevsky rather than that of Pushkin. All these things account for the opera's revisions, rather than the usually cited pressures of government censorship and of the operatic conventions of the time. This chapter also contains an extended and illuminating discussion of the operatic libretto as literature and its relationship to drama and prose fiction.

There are some problems in the transcribing and translating of Russian names and texts. The Russian word for Trinity, *Troitsa*, appears throughout in its dative case form, *Troitsu*, because that is how it occurred in the title of Karamzin's essay. The adjective *tsarskii* has existed for centuries in Russian with the meaning of "royal". It is wrong to equate it, as Emerson does repeatedly, with "tsarist" (Pushkin's Marina speaks to the False Dmitry about "your tsarist word alone" and we also read of Boris Godunov's "tsarist dignity"). "Tsarist" and its related noun "tsarism" entered Russian usage after the October Revolution, with the meaning of "autocratic" or "despotic". This is the meaning with which it was absorbed into English. It isn't a synonym for "royal" and couldn't have been used in the seventeenth century. Pushkin's chronicle Pimen was sent to the town of Uglich "to perform a certain penance" (*poslushanie*), which Emerson reads as "sent . . . on a vague supplication".

The worst single lapse occurs in the discussion of Pushkin's dedication of *Boris Godunov* to the memory of Nikolai Karamzin. The play was dedicated to Karamzin because "it was inspired by his genius". Caryl Emerson reproduces a garbled version of this dedication from a two-volume collection of Russian plays in English translation, which first appeared in 1961. In that version, the translator confused the two Russian equivalents of "his", ego and the self-referential *svoi*, which must pertain to the subject of the sentence. So his translation began: "Alexander Pushkin, inspired by his genius, dedicates this work, etc". Instead of eulogizing Karamzin, this translation makes Pushkin brag of being inspired by his own genius. Small wonder that Emerson could see this dedication as some kind of parody.

Such blemishes do not diminish the fact that this is an engrossing, many-layered and rewarding book.

Russian Literature of the Twenties: An anthology, edited by Carl R. Proffer, Ellen Proffer, Ronald Meyer and Mary Ann Saperstein. (566pp. Ann Arbor, Michigan: \$39.50, paperback, \$18.00-88223-820 X) Includes poems by Tsvetaeva, Pasternak, Esenin, Mayakovsky and Khlebnikov, together with a substantial selection from the prose-writing of the period: Zamiatina's novel *We*, "The Fall of the House of Usher" by Mikhail Bulgakov and "Armoured Train 69" by Vsevolod Ivanov; and pieces by other authors: Babel, Platonov and Zolotarev.

Picture, if you will . . .

Tony Tanner

PAT ROGERS (Editor)
The Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature
528pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £17.50.
019182169

There is something disarming, ingratiating even, about a title which offers an "illustrated" history of English literature. Along with the promise of pictures and all the attendant relief from the ordeals of print which they guarantee, there is the tacit reassurance that the good-natured unwary reader will not be meanly led into the unilluminated deserts of literary theory or to the exacting high plateau of rigorous intellection or demanding argument. It will, surely, be rather like the picture on the cover, "The Travellers' Breakfast", with Wordsworth and his circle having a jolly - jollyish, Wordsworth is a touch severe - breakfast at an inn. There's old Coleridge - he looks jolly enough - holding a boiled egg in his right hand, while Southey is, well, almost leering at the tolerably pretty girl pouring the tea at a distance of about eighteen inches. An amiable, family affair, as English as can be. That is the sort of atmosphere suggested by the title and to a large extent that is what the book delivers.

I'm not sure what the options are. How, after all, do you illustrate a history of literature? With a history of, say, trains, the question would not arise. But literature? The scope is either somewhat aridly narrow - reproductions of a few hundred frontispieces, perhaps - or it is so vast as to be boundless: portraits of the author, his family, his dog, his desk, street, local church, neighbourhood pond (one of the measured ones), fellow writers, etc. Or then again, perhaps some contemporary tomb sculpture which a writer of the time may, or may not, have seen; or pictures of the reigning monarch; a train (the industrial revolution); a painting of a machine-gun (First World War); miners glumly going to work (the Thirties); a still of Laurence Olivier as Henry V (Shakespeare); an eighteenth-century coin showing Eliza, King of All England (Geoffrey Hill); or perhaps a painting called "The Drawing Room" showing a young lady reading in front of a fire in enviably elegant circumstances watched by a small, somnolent dog which occupies the couch opposite - as the back cover of the book so prettily and restfully offers. (The presence of that indolent hound is something of an unintended felicity, or irony, since the text concludes with Martin Dodsworth's stirring reassurance - "there is life in the old dog of English literature yet"). My point, admittedly a poor and ungrateful one, is simply that there are no useful guide-lines either for inclusion or exclusion in such a volume. Apart from a few musts like a picture of Coleridge holding a

boiled egg, there is hardly more reason for selecting an illustration of this than for omitting an illustration of that.

One legitimate question about *The Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature* would be, to what extent are the illustrations "adjunctive and incremental" (if I may borrow a Faulkner formulation) to the written text? And with this in mind I will attempt to give some idea of the pictures on offer for the various periods. While reading lucid summaries of *Beowulf*, "The Battle of Maldon", "The Seafarer" and so on, we can look at the Ruthwell Cross, an eighth-century Anglo-Saxon helmet, some of the Sutton Hoo treasures. An attempt to relate picture to text - and such attempts are rare in the book - is made by suggesting that the formal complexity of *Pearl* is somewhat "analogous to the funerary monuments of the time" and there is a photograph of a late-medieval tomb in an unspecified church (the provenance of the illustrations is sometimes precise and sometimes vague). This is valid enough, but as an attempt to suggest some sort of medieval mentality inferable from writing and sculpture, it is the most tentative and unpursued of propositions.

Contemporary illustrations of Chaucer's pilgrims from the Ellesmere manuscript are lovely and it is pleasant to see the small portrait of Chaucer himself painted in Hoccleve's *Regement of Princes*. The Tudor period is inevitably illustrated with portraits of Elizabeth, Elizabethan courtiers and ladies, and New World savages. A Veronese painting of Venus and Adonis is intelligently included as a reminder of the cultural loss incurred by England when it isolated itself from Catholic Europe. Few Protestant English people would have seen the great works of the Italian masters. A needlework illustration of the Actaeon and Diana episode from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* serves as a reminder of how absolutely central and general a picture that work was for the Renaissance. (It is also a work which is referred to in every chapter of the book until the Victorian period. It resurfaces in the epigraph to Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* and could fairly be considered to be the single most influential foreign work on English literature.) There are some pictures of title-pages in the Shakespeare chapter but the numerous paintings, engravings, photographs, stills of various scenes and versions and performances - up to Derek Jacobi in *The Tempest* - seem to me to belong in another sort of history altogether. Title-pages of Bacon's *Instauratio Magna*, Hobbes's *Leviathan*, Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans* - are more fruitfully deployed in the section on the seventeenth century, as are illustrations from Emblem books. And you can't go wrong with Blake's illustrations to Milton, though, here again, this hardly increases our awareness of the seventeenth-century imagination at work.

The "Restoration and the Eighteenth Century" chapter opens appropriately enough with

a Hogarth depiction of a riotous London populace before moving on to the more peaceful ruralities of Stubbs and the romantic mountains of Richard Wilson. Reynolds's powerful portrait of Dr Johnson is an obvious and appropriate choice. More interesting, perhaps, are the contemporary drawings of Vauxhall, which features in so many novels and plays, and the newly fashionable Bloomsbury Square, complete with Palladian buildings and two cows and a cowherd. Paintings - by Constable, Turner, John Martin, Blake - understandably dominate the "Romantics" section, while a fierce Gillray cartoon of Jacobins at the execution of Louis XVI serves as a reminder of the political dimension of Romanticism. With the Victorians we get pictures of industrial life, Pre-Raphaelite dreams, realistic domestic interiors where domestic tragedies are enacted (Frith), while for 1880-1930 we are shown Beardsley and Wilde (decadence), a book cover of a Henty novel and a photograph of a "banquet for Ranjit Nawanagar" (imperialism), and some realistic paintings of the rural poor by Sir George Clausen which "recall" Hardy. A splendid Max Beerholm of Henry James conversing with Joseph Conrad is a nice reminder that the two great novelists, who effectively transformed the Victorian novel into the Modern, settled and worked in England in this period. From now on the great English literature will no longer be written by English people: the Americans and Irish effectively dominate. English literature - with the arguable exception of Lawrence and Forster and some of the poets like Auden - becomes fairly resolutely parochial. And, I think, remains so.

I would be surprised if many people read this book, and indeed it is hard to imagine for what kind of audience it was written. Pat Rogers is named as editor but, after a short foreword in which he mentions the reversion of literary history and alludes to some of the problems involved in periodization and canon formation, he disappears and leaves the rest of the job to his nine contributors. I don't blame him. It must have been an ungrateful task: writing not for academics, not for theorists (certainly not), not - not exactly - for the backward, the illiterate, the hopelessly culturally deprived, but for some notional contemporary gentle (very gentle) reader, of indeterminate education, unascertainable intelligence, uncalculable sophistication, unknowable requirements and invisible profile. The result, for the most part, is a monument of inert orthodoxy and flaccid conventionality. The contributors are all serious and responsible scholars and critics of varying degrees of distinction. There is nothing here that is ignorant, dotty, lazy or perverse. But, with the exception of John Pitcher on Tudor literature and Andrew Sanders on High Victorian literature, it is for the most part numbingly commonplace, or class-roomy basic.

J. A. Burrow does his duty by Old and Middle English and conveys something of the amazing freshness and originality of Chaucer and his extraordinary mastery of tones and narrative strategies. Indeed, he sees him as something of an early Henry James on account of his "disavowals" and "fantalizing gaps" ("I rede it naught, therefore I late it go on"). John Pitcher writes about Tudor literature with vivacity and contagious urgency in what is by

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COMMENTARY

The rituals of war

Richard Proudfoot

The Reign of King Edward III
Theatre Clwyd, Mold

In *Henry V*, Shakespeare combined celebration of the English victory at Agincourt both in action and in epic, choric description, with quizzical and unheroic comic commentary and an eloquent depreciation of the horrors of war. *Edward III* anticipated Shakespeare's celebration of English arms in France in a simpler spirit of nationalism, staging the victories of Crécy and Poitiers in the aftermath of the defeat of the Spanish Armada and much in the manner of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. Printed without attribution in 1596 and probably written some three to five years earlier, it is the only play outside the modern Shakespeare canon for which the claim that he may have written it can be sustained with reason on the basis of adequate internal evidence. Unlike *Henry V*, the action of *Edward III* unfolds without choric commentary or comic relief, finding a central theme in the question of honour (chivalric, political or personal) and diversifying its successive battles with the King's seduction of the Countess of Salisbury and with her husband's reliance on the Dauphin's honour for safe conduct through the French army. Numerous verbal parallels with Shakespeare, together with the play's own structural coherence, virtuoso displays of rhetoric and early date combine to make attribution to Shakespeare as tempting (if as conjectural) today as when Capell first mooted it in 1760. Tony Robertson, directing what is presumed to be the first professional revival since the 1930s, urges the case for Shakespeare with a theatrical verve and rhetoric to match the verbal vitality

of the text, while amplifying what hints it offers of criticism of its own ethos.

Edward III at Mold is a far cry from the open-air afternoons of the Elizabethan playhouse. The set is a black box of breached and war-shattered walls of lath and plaster. A mobile siege-engine supplies towers, gates and scaffolds as required. The men wear uniform close-fitting black costumes with prominent codpieces, offset with body armour of hussar-style, gold-braided jerkins and distinguished by national insignia, dusty red and gold for the English, dusty blue and silver for the French. Sombre red or blue banners, black staves and crash-helmets, with gold decoration helpfully connect the age of chivalry with that of Star Wars. Contrasting figures are few and prominent: the two women, Queen Philippa, homely and heavily pregnant with her fourth son, and the Countess of Salisbury, a golden-tressed grass widow, elegant in black gown; Scots in hessian tartan, Poles in furs, above all, the French war victims, a forlorn band in earthy sackcloth, bent and musked, trundling their few possessions in a pram.

Individual character is never complex: cutting and minor adaptation have simplified and highlighted narrative and reduced a long text to a playing time of barely two hours. Extra dialogue by the director picks up suggestions implicit in the text and supplies silent characters with lines. The Queen and the Countess appear outside the confines of their single episodes, the Queen, with three sons, in the opening scene; the Countess in the closing one, adding her moral force in persuading Edward to show mercy to the citizens of Calais. Lord Audley, who should be silently present in the final scene, is allowed the stronger ending of heroic death on the field of Poitiers. Long speeches are trimmed and difficult language

(more questionably) simplified but without loss of confidence in the power of the play's rhetoric. Indeed, the messengers' speeches which pervade the action – most of them delivered by Marc Culwick in a succession of minor roles – are among the strongest moments in the production, particularly those which describe the carnage and devastation of war.

The performance is notable throughout for intelligent, forceful and often richly comic delivery of lines, nowhere more than in the episode of King Edward's attempted seduction of the Countess. Ian McCullough's King plays with exasperated self-deprecation against the resolute but infinitely courteous resistance of Annabel Leventon's Countess.

The cast of thirteen is strongly led by McCullough's King, physically and vocally dominant, a man of honour but little detachment, perplexed by his own passions of lust and rage. Colin Hurley charts with precision the Black Prince's metamorphosis from bookish sixth-former to blood-spattered football captain. Memorable supporting performances include Jonathan Burn's frog-eyed and paranoid King John of France, Zoe Hicks's compassionate Queen and Kenneth Gilbert's grizzled Audley. But the characters are mainly types, however vividly present, and the overriding impression is of vital and convinced ensemble playing, capable of swift and startling shifts of pace and mood, never losing a strong hold on the attention and imagination of the audience.

Shakespeare or not Shakespeare, *Edward III* is revealed at Mold as a gripping play. The rare chance of seeing it performed, and so well performed, should be seized by all who can contrive to get to North Wales (or to Cambridge or Taormina in Sicily, at whose respective festivals the play will receive a few further performances in late July and August).

Acting out
Illyria

Stanley Wells

SHAKESPEARE
Twelfth Night
Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon

I was once taken to task for describing *Twelfth Night* as the most elusive of Shakespeare's comedies, but Bill Alexander's new production confirms me in my opinion. Much about it feels right. The setting – an open space hall surrounding a mounting jumble of white, sukked archways, receding alleys, little steps, windows, and benches fixed to walls – permits one scene to flow into the next with an easy continuity. Although the firmly Adriatic setting (this is Illyria, Lady) sacrifices the sense of two distinct households, the ethnic costumes and customs provide a useful compromise between fantasy and localizing actuality.

In the opening scenes, the world of the play authentically establishes itself. On her first entry Viola, carrying her brother's clothes, is still choking back sobs for his apparent loss. Roger Allam's Sir Toby, younger and handsomer than usual, finds an easy unforced humour in his opening passages with Maria and Sir Andrew. Olivia's entry with her black-dad train, headed by Malvolio as an obsequiously zealous director of mourning, on her way to pay tribute to her brother's memory at a statue let into the wall, helpfully establishes the resemblance between her situation and Viola's. And the production's heart seems to be in the right place during the wordless interplay of emotion within and between Orsino and Viola, as Bruce Alexander's unaccompanied singing of Feste's song "Come away death" moves Orsino with thoughts of his despairing love for Olivia and relaxes the disguised Viola to a point at which she comes close to revealing her love for Orsino. This is beautifully conceived and executed.

But as the action continues, the mood is too often broken. Sir Toby drunk is too like Sir Toby sober, except that he belches louder and longer and plays tricks with the smoke from his cheroot. Harriet Walter's Viola, though gently appealing in her wistfulness, lacks comic drive, vocal mannerisms obtrude, and her eyebrows develop a nervous life of their own. But the wrongest-headed performance is Antony Sher's, as Malvolio, because it seems more concerned to make a series of points about the character than to find a way of presenting him from his own point of view.

This stands in direct contrast to David Burrell's brilliant Sir Andrew, a coherent, self-consistent portrayal of a recognizable individual. Bemused, bedraggled, energetic in his efforts to keep up with his more sophisticated companions, he is touchingly uncomprehending in his failure to do so. Merely to contemplate him is enough to induce sympathetic laughter. On the other hand Sher, technically as brilliant as ever, allows the effort to be both funny and original to take precedence over the establishment of a credible character who believes in himself. As a result, his performance seems no more than a collection of actorly points, whether he is turning his hat and his pockets inside out to show that they are yellow, or popping up unexpectedly close to Olivia in response to her call, or exposing himself to her attendants in gleeful self-satisfaction. The performance is based on a theory that Malvolio goes mad as a result of the tricks played upon him: in the prison scene he emerges through a trap, tethered to a stake, visibly suffering. The darkness that surrounds him has to be mimed by Feste, who torments him with exploding caps, and a half-naked Sir Toby and Maria are seen at a window, absorbed in their love-making then in what is going on beneath them. At the end Malvolio is distressingly insane, a broken man flailing out at "the whole pack" of those on stage like an enraged bear. This is as forced and sentimental as the efforts of actors other than Sher to provide a tragic conclusion to the role of Shylock. If Malvolio has a tragedy, it is that he is irremediably sane.

Inhuman voyages

Lesley Chamberlain

HEIDI THOMAS
Indigo
The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon

What is wholly admirable about this passionate play is that none of its issues is treated simply. Its story of whites exploiting blacks is rendered in language which is never less than poetic. Ide, the proud son of King Amda, is disturbed by his father's rationalization of the slave trade, in which he sells off low-grade captives from other tribes and his own defectives for weapons to expand his West African kingdom. Meanwhile in Liverpool, Samuel Randall, a wealthy merchant, urges his son, the reluctant, unworriedly humanist, Oxford-educated William, to embark on the dishonourable trade of slavery in the name of "realism". Both fathers, neither of them inhuman, plead experience and the need to survive while the sons are plunged into moral dilemma. William's paper ideals are tested and fail in a series of harrowing choices which begin in the African marketplace and intensify as a slave-laden ship sails to the West Indies.

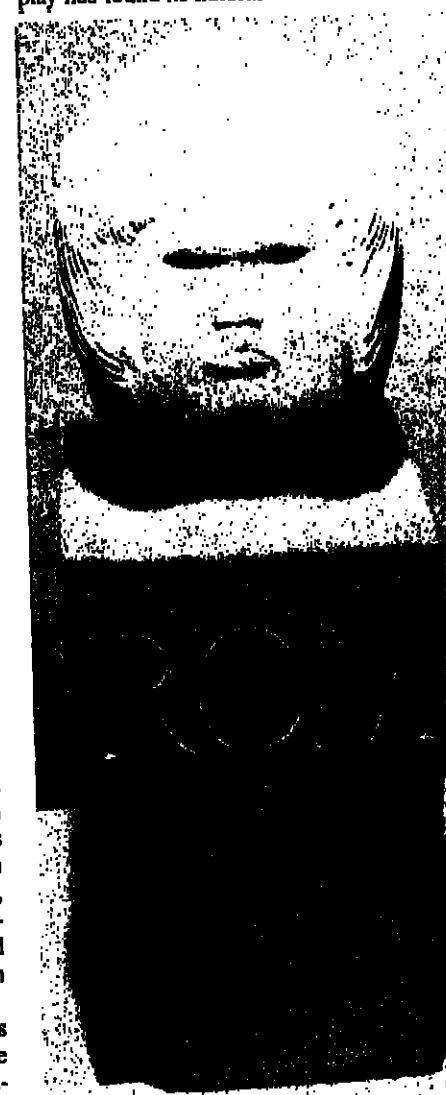
Ide, who has heard in the coffee-house the story of the white man's God and His son, and conflated it with the story of a man sent to lead his people out of exile, creates his own challenge, by wondering, since the white man is so successful, whether this is not a religious idea to borrow. When Ide kneels before the burning bush, pledging to go himself as a slave to save his exported people, the elemental imagery of *Indigo* becomes excessive. But the conflicts of loyalty and the strain on principles which the prince's mission generates are worked out in scenes of highly satisfying intensity. Ide dies to save the white merchant's weak-willed, alternately repenting and self-congratulating son.

The title *Fathers and Sons* would have been disallowed but it would have given a more immediate clue to Heidi Thomas's preoccupations than *Indigo*, the streaking dye which serves as an image of William's self-betrayal. A father, whether god or mortal, provides his son with a home and an identity; the son decides what to accept. For both the white man in command, enjoying his first taste of power, and the black man suffering in the hold, voluntarily learning the lot of the common black and recoiling in horror, the inhuman voyage is an ultimate calling to account.

The play savagely rocks innocence in its cradle. The characters are driven more by love of life than pride and principle. Ide's betrothed, Mamilia, and her brother, are poignantly destroyed. A newly orphaned white boy, Barney, abandoned by his father's shipmates and wrenched from his consoling friendship with black men in a foreign land,

takes despair at homelessness to a gory conclusion, killing Mamilia and her unborn child. The cradle-rocker, a necessary fulcrum, is the ship's doctor Pearson, practical, calm and without hope, though still capable of disappointment. With him the play rests: we are all each other's children.

Heidi Thomas, who is twenty-four, won the 1984 Texaco Youth Theatre Award for *All Flesh is Grass*, and she has been well served by an uncluttered, spot-lit production directed by Sarah Pia Anderson, with refined performances and a memorable impression of grace among the Africans. It was however the crumpled face of Jimmy Gallagher's Barney, a dejected cherub, clutching a dead cat as a doll, which stuck in this reviewer's mind. These images, the sound of the testing sea, and a poetic idiom which moves with limpid ease from sucking to bloodshed all suggest Thomas's third play has found its natural home in Stratford.



"Rom (Romilly John, second version)", a portrait in limestone by Jacob Epstein which can be seen in an exhibition of Epstein's sculpture and drawings at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until September 13.

An orphan in the family

Keith Potter

JUDITH WEIR
A Night at the Chinese Opera
Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham

Public and critical response to the thirty-three-year-old Scottish composer Judith Weir's *A Night at the Chinese Opera* has been unusually positive, even effusive, and it is not hard to understand why. The most obvious reason is that it is enormous fun; particularly in its "cartoon" reworking of a play from the Yuan dynasty period (1279-1368), in which three magnificently versatile singer-actor-mimes (here, Meryl Dwyer, Frances Lynch and Alan Oke) enact the story of "an orphan who finds out that he has been brought up by the man responsible for his father's death, and takes his revenge". The stage bubbles over with a mixture of wit and slapstick: expertly produced, as are all aspects of the opera, by Richard Jones. Less obvious is the ingenuity of the dramatic and musical contexts into which this uncomplicated comic set-piece is placed. The play

entitled *The Chao Family Orphan* – is in fact Act Two of Weir's three-act opera. Around it is woven the story of a thirteenth-century canal builder Chao Lin (the baritone Gwion Thomas), whose upbringing at the time of Kubilai Khan, when China was under Mongolian rule (a Military Governor is chillingly played by the countertenor Michael Chance), mirrors that of the orphan in the play. Chao Lin is among the spectators of the play-within-the-play, the action of which is cut short by a minor earthquake, leaving him to ponder on how it will end and how this should affect his conduct in the third act. Here, finally, he attempts revenge on the Military Governor; but though the last scene of *The Chao Family Orphan*, played out at the end of the opera, eventually reveals the orphan's success in vengeance, Chao Lin's fate, simultaneously enacted, is his own execution.

The effect of all this in the theatre is less complicated than it sounds and it is further enhanced by Richard Hudson's three-sided white-wall set, complete with all manner of trap doors and windows. Weir reflects the direct and very moving simplicity of the action etched with great economy in her own libretto

Remaking Russia

Julian Grafty

BRIAN FRIEL
Fathers and Sons
Lyttelton Theatre

For much of the first act of this production one is pleasurably reminded of how stageable Turgenev's novels are, and struck by the understanding with which Brian Friel has approached Turgenev's sensibility. On a provincial Russian estate youth and age are rehearsing the immemorial debate about ideas and feelings. Politically the young want to "re-make Russia", emotionally they "believe in nothing". Their weapons are rhetoric and fierce energy: in Arkady Kirsanov's case an innocent enthusiasm, in his friend Bazarov's a darker fury. Arkady's father, Nikolai, attempts to defuse this passion with niceness, his uncle, Pavel, with languid disdain. Later, a neighbouring landowner, Anna Sergeyevna Odintsova, comes to visit with her young sister, Katya, and the verbal duels take on a more keenly sexual aspect. Friel writes eloquently and with humour, and is well served by his actors, especially by Alex McCowen, whose timing and delivery as Nikolai are perfect, but also by Ralph Fiennes as innocent Arkady and Robert Glenister "as brooding Bazarov. Michael Rudman's production formalizes the verbal debates by placing the actors at points across the stage for long periods, so that the visual composition echoes their ideological stances.

The ensuing visit of Bazarov and Arkady to Bazarov's parents gives further scope for the clash of youthful ardour and aged, unswerving love and draws another fine performance from Robin Bailey as Bazarov's father. The further verbal and emotional duels of Bazarov and Odintsova at the start of Act Two, where passion clashes with fear, routine order and discipline, are given gravity by Meg Davies's fine performance. Up to this point, despite minor changes of setting, Friel has stuck close to his source. From now on he sails out boldly into the waters of his own invention, and he turns out to be a much less subtle and intelligent observer than Turgenev. There is an absurd scene of hide and seek between Arkady and Katya (who both in Friel's writing and in Robin McCaffrey's graceless performance is too silly and too forward). An increasing prominence is given to "eccentric" minor characters who provide comic turns – Pyotr, the young servant boy with multi-coloured hair, turquoise earring and convenient hardness of hearing; Princess Olga (Turgenev's Princess Avdot'ya Stepanovna), with her triple repetitions of supposedly witty anathemas. By this point several of the performances have become increasingly hysterical.

In Turgenev's novel, the long chapter describing Bazarov's death is the last apart from

the brief epilogue. Bazarov is so clearly the central character, eloquent, passionate yet doomed, the latest in a line of Turgenevian heroes that includes Rudin and Insarov, that this is only appropriate. In Friel's *Fathers and Sons* Bazarov's dying is not described in his own ironical, self-deprecating words, as in the novel, but is related by his father to the visiting Arkady. After this we are treated to a long invented scene two weeks before the epilogue's double wedding, which is not only trivial and overwritten, but which fundamentally traduces Turgenev's intentions.

It is Turgenev's point that while differences of generation are initially important, those of temperament are much more so. There is a strong line of continuity in the novel but there is also a powerful line of rupture and a fundamental emotional dichotomy, which leads Katya to remark to Arkady about Bazarov: "He's a wild beast, while you and I are domesticated animals." Friel's final scene is too cosy and reconciled, as the actors fall naturally into couples.

There is, however, a major problem here, which Friel recognizes. What about Bazarov? Friel's solution is for Arkady arbitrarily to interrupt the jollity and to complain that his friend is scarcely cold in his grave, that they are all unfeeling, and that he will "devote the rest of [his] life" to Bazarov's philosophy. This trade does not work theatrically – it is too clumsy and too short to alter the general tone; moreover it directly contradicts the novel, in which, under the influence of his love for Katya, Arkady "completely forgot about his mentor".

Do these alterations and inventions matter? We are after all watching "a new play by Brian Friel after the novel by Ivan Turgenev". In the sense that all Turgenev's analyses are acute, subtle and original, and all Friel's additions are coarse and trivial, they matter a great deal.

The Flame of the Spirit: a love tribute from W. B. Yeats

Warwick Gould

The Flame of the Spirit is blocked in gold as a title on a gilt-edged, full vellum notebook given to Maud Gonne on October 20, 1891. The notebook contains seven lyrics, and a further eleven poem titles are pencilled in. It will be offered for sale at Sotheby's on July 23, having been in a private collection since the 1940s when the late Richard Ellmann saw it in Maud Gonne's hands in Dublin. Ellmann printed three of the lyrics in *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* (1948), but did not identify the volume. On the inscription leaf Yeats notes that the seven were "copied into this book first on October 20, 1891", adding prophetically that the "poems after no VII were written and added later". Written they were, added they weren't. At some point (in 1893 or 1894) Yeats pencilled in the eleven titles, leaving room for poems mainly from the group now known as "The Rose". He carefully left two pages for "The Two Trees" between "A Mystical Prayer" (later "Aech pleads with the Elemental Powers" in *The Wind among the Reeds*) and "The Rose on the Cross" (probably "To the Rose upon the Rood of Time" in *The Countess Kathleen and Various Legends and Lyrics*). An obsession with ordering is evident here as elsewhere.

Of the seven fair copies, variant forms of three known poems are apparent. Thus "When You are Old" here concludes

Beneath your brows beside the shy glowing bars
You then will say perhaps "Pride dwells with Love
He paced along the mountains high above
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars".

The variants in "The Sorrow of Love" were listed in Ellmann's *The Identity of Yeats*. He also printed this manuscript's version of what became "He tells of the Perfect Beauty" in *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* – here called "Dedication of John Sherman and Dhoya". Yeats's novel and story of that title were published without dedication in November 1891, and the lines were subsequently reworked as one of two poems of "O'Sullivan the Red to Mary Lavell" for publication in 1896. In that later form it has seemed that the lines were implicitly addressed to Olivia Shakespeare, his mistress: such was his frugal poetic economy.

Ellmann also printed "Your Pathway", an early try-out of the ideas later used in "He wishes for the Cloths of Heaven". Another quatrain runs:

He who bade the white plains of the pole
From the brooding warm years be apart;
Has made me the friend of your soul,
Ah he keeps for another your heart.

Dublin, October 1891.

Wholly new, however, is "Cycles Ago. In memory of your dream one July night", again dated October 1891. These sixteen Swinburnian lines, beginning "The low crying curlew and peewit, the honey pale orb of the moon", celebrate Maud Gonne's dream that in a previous incarnation she and Yeats were brother and sister, "somewhere on the edge of the Arabian desert", and were "sold together into slavery", as he recalled in his draft autobiography. The dream, announced in a letter, brought him hurtling back to Dublin from Co Down to propose, but, "[i]n]o, she could not marry – there were reasons – she would never marry; but in words that had no conventional ring she asked me for my friendship". The poem runs in part:

"We were as if brother and sister of old in the desert land,
How softly you spoke it, how softly I give but a friendly hand,
They told us in slavery together

Above it, Yeats has pencilled in a stern command, "Take out". That same curlew, peewit and honey-pale moon reappear in the decidedly pessimistic "The Withering of the Boughs", written in 1899 when he knew all her secrets. But during the summer and autumn of 1891 he campaigned for her hand, and for her to join his Order of the Golden Dawn. "The Holy future awaits you", he wrote in "No daughter of the Iron Times". This one is known in another unpublished manuscript book, *The Rosy Cross Lyrics*, now in the National Library of Ireland. There the poem is entitled "To a sister of the Cross & the Rose". Both that manuscript and the copy in *The Flame of the Spirit* are dated "August 1891", three months before Maud Gonne did join the Order.

The Flame of the Spirit is thus an extraordinary love tribute. In October, Maud Gonne had returned to Dublin from Paris, where her little

son Georges had died of meningitis. Yeats was induced to believe that it was an adopted child she mourned. George Russell was brought in to counsel her. "Shadowy Armies", one of the pencilled projected titles, almost certainly signals "On a child's death", written two years later, and not published until 1978.

Yeats gave Maud Gonne *The Flame of the Spirit* on the eve of their departure for London and her initiation into the Order. Thenceforth, he thought, their lives would resemble those of the fourteenth-century alchemist Nicolas Flamel and his wife Pernelle, who had "achieved the elixir" and were "fabled to live still in Arabia among the dervishes". He wrote to Russell from London about "the Vellum Book". Maud Gonne and her cousin Mary were reading the poems: her "need" of him "would become love", he thought. However, Maud Gonne quickly left the Order, protesting at the "drab appearance and mediocrity" of her "fellow-mystics" and disgusted by the distinctively Freemasonic rituals. Of this strange courtship there was one extraordinary result: Russell seems to have convinced her that a dead child could be reincarnated in the same family. She and her lover Lucien Millevoye descended to the vault where the boy was buried, and there conceived Islet Gonne late in 1893.

The Flame of the Spirit is a *grimoire*, summoning the beloved to occult service as well as to love. Its special selection of poems is identical neither with Yeats's own "The Rosy Cross Lyrics" nor with any extant sequence. It is "this book" which the beloved should "take down" in "When you are old". Further, it was to be an expandable talisman. Beyond the pencilled titles (known from "The Rose" and *The Wind among the Reeds* or, as in the case of "I will not in grey hours retake", from other manuscripts) are eighty blank pages. Failure was implicit in Yeats's suit and in this book. Maud Gonne's "pilgrim soul" was not of Yeats's sort. Perhaps the talisman lost its potency when many of the poems, written and projected, were published in *The Countess Kathleen and Various Legends and Lyrics*; thereafter *The Flame of the Spirit* guttered, and it became merely an unfiled album. But it remained in Maud Gonne's possession. The estimate, £12,000-£15,000 seems low.

THE EDINBURGH BOOK
FESTIVAL 1987

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

TLS
The Times Literary Supplement
WEDNESDAY
AUGUST
12
"Literature and
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in the 1980s"
A Lecture by Jeremy Tregrown,
Editor TLS
6.30 in The Studio Theatre.

FRIDAY
AUGUST
21
"MAKING
READING
MATTER"
A seminar on children's
reading
6.30 in The Studio Theatre

Tickets for both events (including admission to the Book Festival) will be £2.00 and are available in advance from the Edinburgh Book Festival, the Festival Fringe Office and The Times Educational Supplement Scotland, 37 George Street, Edinburgh EH2 2HN.

Mystery and mastery

Eric Sams

JOHN REED
Schubert
315pp. Dent (The Master Musicians). £14.95.
0460 01813 X

Born in Vienna, 1797; died there, 1828, after six years of suffering from virulent syphilis (Life). The rest is music, for the world to delight in, marvel at, and be enriched by (Works). But this series is devoted to mastery, not mystery: so its avowed aim of relating the composer to his *œuvre*, notoriously among the knottiest of all aesthetic enigmas, can never be satisfactorily achieved. That limitation is most manifest in such special cases as Schubert, whose life and person were so short as to seem insignificant, and whose achievement is now seen as Shakespearean in stature. His works await their philosophical exegeses and analysts, their Bradleys and Spurgeons.

Meanwhile, from the straightforward factual standpoint, John Reed's monograph provides a model of critical biography as well as a long-overdue replacement of its 1945 predecessor. His own mastery of the voluminous source-material is impressive. The authentic flavour of a whole epoch is conveyed by lively extracts judiciously selected from tedious documents, and illuminating excerpts from unfamiliar works. Within the wider socio-historical field of vision, Reed focuses on the narrow yet concentric circle of friends and lovers who danced, sang and played Schubert. As usual, the middle classes were rising in the world, bringing their latest freedom of outlook into sex, politics and religion as well as art. Schubert was among the earliest apostles of European openness. The man and his music embraced all life and all feeling, heedless of the sequelae.

Aply, he was a pubertal rather than an infant prodigy, and in every sense Bohemian by nature (both his parents came from what is now Czechoslovakia). This well-equipped and closely packed guide follows his progress, in loving detail, from his boyhood mastery of the classic instrumental tradition to his individual emergence from that mainstream, an idea well exemplified by the "Trout" Quintet. Then he became stranded in a backwater of attempts at opera. But that frustrating experience must have played its part in the final phase of masterworks such as *Winterreise*, complete with plot, characters, recitative, arioso and scene-painting in voice and piano. On his own short, bleak journey, Schubert invented a new expressive language and two new art-forms (Lied, song-cycle), and developed all this into an unsurpassed perfection.

En route, and almost by the way, he also imparted new meaning and impetus to orchestral, piano and chamber music. John Reed perceptively identifies what he calls the "philosophical dimension" discernible in Schubert's later contributions to each genre; the unity of man and Nature in the Great C major sym-

phony, the tone of reconciliation and valediction in the B flat major piano sonata, the universality and profundity of the String Quintet. In such works the stoic deism of the Enlightenment finds its definitive musical fulfilment, which will speak to like-minded listeners for centuries to come.

Of course verbal commentary will sound inadequate in comparison. John Reed's language and tone derive from a British tradition which has always acknowledged that music has an import related to its structure, so that modulations and arpeggios may indeed "symbolise a search for God in Nature", however implausible that may appear. But these recurrent strains sometimes suggest a performance aimed at two very different audiences, one hearing the abstract patterns of sonorous forms in motion and the other sharing Schubert's moods of "veiled melancholy" and so forth. I feel that music-students will find themselves discarding much material designed for music-lovers, and conversely, the two never quite come to terms.

Again, more space should surely have been found for the literary background, both in Schubert's astonishingly fertile music-verbal mind and in the copious published sources that he exploited so intensively. Here, available to analysis, are the essential components of his own distinctive feeling-tones, in instrumental no less than vocal works. Yet we learn too little about his musical motive-power, and hardly a word about any of the Lied poets as such, not even Goethe and Müller, who not only served many of the major masterpieces but left their own features audibly imprinted on them. In general, the critical commentary is less assured



A detail of an engraving by Charles Turner of La Malibran as Desdemona. It is taken from Maria Malibran by April FitzLyon, reviewed on this page.

in linguistic than in musical matters.

Finally, a more serious complaint. John Reed needs better medical advice. If we are genuinely seeking a link between man and music, the brain is a good place to begin. The effect of Schubert's syphilis on his life and art is surely a vital question. Dieter Kerner's 1963 diagnosis of it as the direct cause of death cannot be simply dismissed. Reed's claim that "the time-scale is wrong" is itself wrong; even in the evolved and attenuated modern disease a possibly fatal tertiary stage may supervene within three years, and Schubert suffered for twice as long. On page 210 we learn that a consultant syphologist "regarded the case as hopeless" three days before Schubert died, and indeed "may have foreseen the possibility of a lapse into coma"; on the next page, however, the cause of death "must remain a mystery".

There will be time for any second thoughts and adjustments, such as the correction of a few misprints and index lacunae; this book, as an essential *va-de-mecum* for all Schubertians, is sure of a second edition. It supplements rather than supersedes the fine *Critical Biography* (1958, not out of print) by the late Maurice Brown, whose work remains readily available in the New Grove Schubert volume (1982). This briefer treatment is now John Reed's only serious competitor in any language. For his higher yet still modest price he offers the findings of the latest scholarship and research, including his own; many an enlightening insight and comparison; eight pages of photographs; forty-four music examples; and the customary series appendices giving a detailed conspectus of events, work-list, personalia and select bibliography.

Genius in excess

Rupert Christiansen

APRIL FITZLYON
Maria Malibran: Diva of the Romantic Age
330pp. Souvenir. £18.95.
0285 650300

The first recorded miracle effected by the prima donna Maria Malibran (1808-36) took place in Venice, when a goblet of wine which her lips had touched remained full after being passed around a group of quaffing gondoliers. Since then Malibran has been the subject of unceasing hagiography and romantic con-memoriation, her death in Manchester at the poignantly early age of twenty-eight continuing as much to the mythology as any accurate assessment of her remarkable art.

April FitzLyon's new biography of the singer - admirably complementing the more musically oriented monograph by Hovav Bushnell, published in 1979 (TLS, May 1981) - sensitively cleans away the layer of varnish and switches off the neon lights. The calmer, clearer light Malibran still continues to cast on the world of the operatic performer is one of the handful of persons like Chaliapin or Callas in our own century, who changed the possibilities of operatic expression.

"Frank, impetuous, generous, original", victim of a syndrome the French describe as *bougeotte*, the inability to keep still, Malibran danced wildly on the ruins of operatic decorum, breaking the rules of good taste at every point, both musical and dramatic. As with her contemporaries Paganini and Kean, excess, exaggerated emotionalism, and at last the illusion of being fuelled by the inspiration of the moment coloured her mystique. She could be extravagantly vulgar (Delacroix accused her of a complete lack of sense for the Ideal) and she could be erratic, even impossible, on stage, terrorizing her less bold colleagues. But in the operas of Rossini, Bellini, and their imitators which made up her repertoire, she generated an almost hysterical intensity of audience response.

It was, as Mrs FitzLyon indicates, a speechlessly modern style, appropriate to the era which idolized the improvisatori (celebrated by Shelley, Beddoes, Pushkin, and Hans Christian Andersen) and rioted at Hugo's murder of the alexandrine in *Heinrich*. Many of Malibran's most fanatical admirers belonged to the Romantic *cénacles* - Musset, for instance, wrote a touchingly fulsome epithet to her - but Malibran was not an intellectual: her interpretations drew on her own mercurial temperament rather than any externally imposed model or programme. (FitzLyon points to a traumatic and possibly incestuous relationship with her tenor father as a dominating causal factor in her behaviour.)

On purely musical ground the book cannot be so muddy: a statement like "she was really a mezzo-soprano, but Garcia had given her a range of three octaves and she could sing soprano parts as well" begs a bewildering number of questions about vocal technique; and I think that Malibran's elder sister-in-art Clotilde Pasta, consummate classicist and creator of *Norma* and *Anna Bolena*, is unfairly disgraced throughout in order to make Malibran look doubly interesting.

But what FitzLyon does so very well is to situate Malibran in her heady and volatile cultural context. Few other operatic historians would understand the significance of her association with Saint-Simonism or her presence at the première of Dumas's *Henri III et son cour* - "leaping out in excitement from her third row seat... and clutching on to a pillar to prevent herself from falling".

There are also some interesting general reflections on the social psychology of the 1830s, although the elbowing comparisons between Malibran and Jim Morrison, between 1830 and 1968, operatic Naples and cinematic Hollywood etc. are less illuminating and more irritating. A closer parallel might be Isadora Duncan, another iconoclast who tore off form in the name of Free Expression, in both cases, the element of shock was fundamental to their impact. It is a sensation which today's opera houses all too rarely

Etymological excursions

John A. C. Greppin

ROBERT BURCHFIELD (Editor)
Studies in Lexicography
200pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £27.50.
0198119453

Robert Burchfield, the editor of the recently completed four-volume *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary*, has put together a quite entertaining collection of essays on certain aspects of lexicography. There are, in all, ten articles focusing primarily on the lexicography of the English language, though variation is provided by an article on Greek dictionaries, special studies on American Regional English and Australian English, and comments bearing on Old English.

E. G. Stanley's article on Old English elements in the *OED* is engrossing. He notes, for instance, that Old English words from before AD 1250 are not mentioned unless they continued as active words after that date. Any person seeking information on uncontinued Anglo-Saxon words, or words of Transitional English (called by Herbert Coleridge "Semi-Saxon"), must resort to an Old English dictionary. But, as Stanley points out, some words were omitted that should have been included. None of these omissions, however, is obvious; in fact, it took considerable cleverness to discover them. OE *cer* "a turn", he points out, absent from the *OED*, can actually be found in the contemporary word *charwoman*, and the word *chare*, *char* "an errand, a chore" is still known in dialects.

In contrast to a broad-visioned article such as this, others reveal how tediously the minds of some lexicographers can grind. L. V. Malakhovski, a lexicographer in Leningrad, deals with English homonyms, a most knotty

issue. The word *calf* first attracts his attention and we get an elaborate discussion of the way it should be listed in a dictionary. He wonders if there should be a single listing with its two principal meanings put down successively as part of one entry (1. young of cattle, 2. a leg muscle) or if we should have instead *calf* 1 and *calf* 2 with single glosses for each. This problem is then probed with a more complex entry: *light* (1. not heavy, 2. descend, 3. not dark), which yields a constellation that can be expanded considerably when we consider nominal, verbal and adjectival parameters. Such a problem is simply part of the bureaucracy of dictionary making, having as much intellectual vitality as notes left over from a committee meeting.

Other lexicographers rise above these petty details. Yakov Malkiel's discussion of Romance etymologies in English dictionaries is delightful, revealing problems of an interesting theoretical nature. He considers it a sheer waste of space to extend an etymology beyond a certain distance. He gives the instance of English *number*, which comes from Latin *numerus* with French *nombre* as a connecting link. But to go beyond that, he says, is to confuse, for we need not be advised that *numerus* is a cognate of Greek *nómos* "law" and *némō* "to distribute". This is an intriguing point, but it is hard wholly to agree that listing the Greek cognates is merely chatty, for the term *nómos* at least is well known, being the final part of *economics* (Gk *oikonomia* "management of a household"). Still, Malkiel does make us see that dictionaries must have clearly defined limits lest they grow chaotically.

It is, perhaps, a disappointment that there are no articles here that go outside the Western tradition in lexicography, or articles dealing with the history of dictionary writing.

The dress of thought

Vivian Salmon

STEPHEN K. LAND
The Philosophy of Language in Britain: Major theories from Hobbes to Thomas Reid
255pp. New York: AMS; distributed in the UK by Euronext. \$37.50.
0404 617220

It was appropriate for this study to appear in 1986, which was the bicentenary of a crucial event in the history of linguistic ideas - the well-known pronouncement by Sir William Jones on the likelihood of a relationship between Sanskrit and classical European languages; it was largely as a result of Jones's remarks that the theoretical study of language ceased to be the preserve of the philosophers whom Stephen K. Land discusses and became that of the new breed of scholars who were laying the foundations of comparative philology.

Land restricts himself to British linguistic philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, although he realizes that such scholarship was normally international, as he acknowledges by frequent reference to the ideas of the Gentlemen of Port Royal and of Condillac. His stated intention is not to write a historical account, but to select for exposition and analysis examples of the major types of theoretical work in language of his period. These types he describes, in the headings of five different chapters, as Formalism (illustrated by Hobbes), Idealism (Locke), Structuralism (Berkeley), The Search for Origins (Adam Smith and Lord Monboddo) and Rationalism and Common Sense (James Harris and Thomas Reid). Of these writers, only one - Harris - is more renowned as a linguist than as a philosopher, and it has been Land's achievement, as the book-jacket notes, "to ferret out from a variety of places" what the philosophers had to say which is relevant to the history of linguistic ideas.

In the broader sense, they were all concerned with theories of meaning, described as "the comparison of ideas" (Locke), "the inter-relationship of ideas" (Locke), "the inter-relationship of ideas in a contextual linguistic structure" (Berkeley), "the product of the formal conventions of language" (Hobbes) or "rationally common sense" (Harris and Reid).

More specifically, Hobbes, Locke and Berkeley were particularly concerned with the relationship of language and thought, and with the priority of one or the other, while Smith and Monboddo were more especially concerned with the origin of language - though they also were involved in discussions of the priority of language or thought in the development of human speech.

It is Noam Chomsky whom Land cites as providing a motivation for his own study, though Land's is not an uncritical admiration for Chomsky. While accepting his views in *Cartesian Linguistics* that many philosophers of language in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, in a very real sense, expounding a "generative" concept of grammar (that is, one in contrast with a taxonomic analysis of the grammar of given texts), Land argues that Chomsky's concept of a strict antithesis between Cartesian and Empiricist positions is seriously inadequate; he also accepts, in common with other critics, that Chomsky's history of linguistics is distorted by his attempt to find predecessors for his own views. While his observations, according to Land, are "brilliant", they have nevertheless led to a good deal of confusion in the history of linguistics.

The attention given to "Cartesian" linguistics now seems outdated, since the book of that title appeared more than twenty years ago, but the explanation is to be found in the delay in publication of Land's study. It was written in 1978, and has not been revised since. As a result, it is seriously out of date in some respects, particularly in the bibliography and in occasional references to the "neglect" of Indian writers, such as Monboddo, which no longer obtains. Since Land wrote this study, there has been an enormous growth of interest in eighteenth-century linguistic philosophy, particularly on the Continent.

Yet there is no question that this lucid, detailed and critical study is extremely valuable; it provides a general context against which may be set the more specialist studies by recent critics. It is also a valuable supplement to Land's earlier study (1974) of seventeenth and eighteenth-century semantic theories, and of the change in the focus of attention in that period "from signs to propositions", as that study is entitled. Both books can be warmly recommended to historians of linguistic ideas.

Burchfield's book is heavily synchronic, and oriented overwhelmingly towards the English tradition. A discussion of, say, Eastern lexicography would have been revealing as a comparison, for the Arabs, Armenians, Hindus and Persians all have wonderful lexical traditions that go back well over a millennium. The Armenians, for instance, have been putting together word lists almost from the first years of their literacy, and in the sixth century AD completed a remarkable Greek-Armenian glossary to the pharmaceutical vocabulary of Galen.

Burchfield's four-volume *Supplement* is part of this enormous tradition, yet it carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction, for there are errors that need not have occurred. Malkiel, in his article, discusses the use of Romance etymological dictionaries; their fuller use in the *Supplement* would have avoided embarrassment. Take the term *pastrant*. The

Supplement follows recent tradition and says it comes from Romanian *pastran* via Yiddish. Its Romanian root is given as *pastra* "to preserve", which would then have a Latin origin, close to Lat *pastor* "shepherd", hence "one who protects or preserves"; with further suffixation it becomes "a preserved meat". Yet any quick investigation of a Romanian etymological dictionary would have shown that this word, frequent throughout the various Balkan languages, is from the Turkish *pastırma* "preserved meat", a term that has nothing to do with Latin.

Every close reader of the *OED* and its supplements will have his favourite errors, and that number will, with time, increase. When the number becomes too great, another revised edition will appear. Then both the lexicon and the lexicographer will be renewed, since dictionaries and their makers are a vital category that reproduces with a conscious will.

Getting from a to the

T. A. Shippey

RANDOLPH QUIRK
Words at Work: Lectures on textual structure
137pp. Longman. Paperback, £5.75.
0582 00120 X

Given the nature of academic society, Randolph Quirk's latest book labours under several disadvantages. It is based on eight lectures given in Singapore under the auspices of the Lee Kuan Yew Distinguished Visitors Programme; these were clearly aimed at a distinguished non-academic audience; and Professor Quirk is nothing if not distinguished himself, being not only a knight, but also the Vice-Chancellor of London University and President of the British Academy. "Aren't there too many capital letters in there?", the Wat Tyler in every breast snarls mutinously. "What's all this about 'interacting with the academic community and with the general public'? Aren't all these conferences giant boondoggles anyway? I read about them in *Small World and Rates of Exchange*."

Sir Randolph does at times go out of his way, in *Words at Work*, to provoke the Wat Tyler reaction, laying on anecdotes about the difficulties of international life with heavy trowel, and throwing in many compliments (via his linguistic examples) about the cleanliness of streets in Singapore, the civilized climate there as compared with London, and the felicitous phrasings of the Singapore Dean of Arts. However, to use the author's own insights, what has happened is that *Words at Work* is suffering from a "two-audience" problem: appropriate and probably successful attempts to capture the goodwill of the lecture audience (who were "there") are almost bound to alienate the book audience and make them feel excluded, simply because they're "here". "Here" and "there" are anyway not easy terms, as Quirk points out. They are always determined relatively; they may change in the course of a sentence; selection of which place to refer to by such terms may say a great deal about emotional closeness or distance.

The true academic drive of these lectures is towards showing how much information lies concealed within the normally unnoticed grammatical features of language, whether literary language or otherwise, and Quirk is good at devising paired sentences to make his points. "Can you help me find a little boy in a blue shirt?" is one kind of inquiry; "Can you help me find a doctor?" is another. The pairing shows up the range of meanings even in a word like "a". "The" is more complicated. As for more complex sentences or paragraphs, by the time Quirk has finished rewriting them and showing what particular forms may imply, the reader may be forgiven for wondering how anybody understands anything. Certainly it is salutary to be reminded how difficult it must be for foreign speakers from a foreign culture to pick out even an appropriate proportion of the linguistic clues to attitude which English speakers scatter about so lavishly.

Does the future, then, demand linguistic simplification, of the sort already imposed on pilots and air-traffic controllers, and soon to be

imposed on ship captains via "Seaspeak"? Probably it does, Quirk suggests, adding for good measure that similar rules will have to be imposed on us all to prevent the continuation of sexist attitudes; he cites the guidelines of the Association of University Teachers on avoiding words like "manpower", "man-made" and "fraternally", and notes that the real problem here lies in developing an unmarked personal pronoun for use when the referent may be either male or female. Like other things in this book, this particular vision of the future looks irrefutably worthy, but also mildly ominous. Social constraints on language are one thing, but Seaspeak is official: it sounds as if "(S)hspeak" soon will be too.

George Orwell (who probably would not have gone down very well at international conferences) clearly thought that the one good thing about the English language and the (native) English people was that both were anarchic, dropping case-endings and political paradigms with equal ease. He was quite wrong about the language, as Quirk shows with his multi-layered demonstrations of linguistic regulation, and probably about the people too. Still, one could - atavistically, reactionarily, Tylerishly - wish Orwell had been right about both. It is certainly true that Quirk deals best with the shallowest forms of English, with advertisements, messages, and articles in magazines called *Decision Maker*. Not only is literature left unmastered; most practical forms of demotic English also lie outside this book's scope.

Norman W. Schur (of Hawkhurst, Kent, and Weston, Connecticut) draws on a classical education for many of the meanings and derivations pointed out in his etymological rambles in *1000 Most Challenging Words* (322pp. Oxford: Facts On File, £12.95, 0 8160 1196 6). But among the quotidian may be found *zarf*, *onlomania*, *roofback*, *nephalism*, *negillah*, *gnathonic* and, alas, *phillipic*.

John Clare: SELECTED POETRY AND PROSE

Edited by Merryn and
Raymond Williams
First Published 1986
ISBN 0 416 41120 7

Methuen English Texts
General Editor: John Drakakis

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Drafting the Resurrection

David Matthews

GUSTAV MAHLER
Symphony No 2 in C Minor ("Resurrection")
Facsimile
364pp. New York: Kaplan Foundation,
distributed in the UK by Faber. £100.
0571 101643

Gilbert E. Kaplan's magnificent obsession with Mahler's Second Symphony has led him not only to learn the score by heart-and to conduct it around the world, but to acquire the manuscript of the full score when it came up for sale in 1984 and, now, to publish this manuscript in a handsome facsimile edition. It appears accompanied by an introductory essay by Kaplan himself, an excellent survey of the complete manuscript material by Edward R. Reilly, and a compendium of all Mahler's letters that refer to the symphony. The facsimile reproduction is of superb quality, faithfully duplicating the various colours and textures of Mahler's pens and pencils. It rivals the famous Zsolnay facsimile of the Tenth Symphony, which is almost indistinguishable from the

original.

Since, for reasons of economy, the majority of contemporary scores are now published in facsimile, most composers - myself included - produce neat but rather anonymous-looking fair copies of their works. The Second Symphony manuscript is very different. Although it is also a fair copy of an earlier orchestral draft, it was obviously written at great speed, and the penmanship gives evidence of Mahler's forceful, impulsive personality. To look through the manuscript is to gain a vivid impression both of the composer and of the drama of the symphony.

In fact, "fair copy" is a misnomer, as this is a working manuscript. Even before he finished the last page of the score - which is proudly dated "Dienstag, den 18. Dezember 1894 zu Hamburg" - Mahler had probably begun to revise it. Many notes have been scratched out and extra parts added as afterthoughts at the foot of the page. Two passages were rewritten and appear in the manuscript labelled *Einlage* (insert) together with the original versions. The extensive alterations to the instrumentation in Mahler's characteristic blue pencil were probably made after the first performances, of

the first three movements in March 1895 and of the entire symphony nine months later. The full score was published in 1897; Mahler had made many more revisions to the proofs, and he carried on revising the scoring at intervals right up until 1910.

So it is fascinating to compare the manuscript with the final published score, as there are differences on every page. We see Mahler increasing the size of his orchestra, adding a second timpani part in blue pencil, and gradually incorporating the B flat clarinet; the published score has two B flat clarinets in the first and third movements where originally there was none. In the manuscript the third movement begins quietly like the song on which it is based; the dramatic timpani opening was added later. An interesting detail occurs on the last page but two: the bass part that Mahler eventually scored for organ pedal plus timpani was originally given to *Clavier* (piano), who play nowhere else in the symphony save for these four bars. Even Mahler's extravagance had its limits, and he changed his mind. In any case the revision is an improvement, one of hundreds, as Mahler worked tirelessly towards orchestral perfection.

The leaders and the led

Brian Pippard

GERALD HOLTON

The Advancement of Science, and Its Burdens: The Jefferson Lecture and other essays 351pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50 (paperback, £9.95). 0521 25244 X

This collection of essays, all but one reprinted with (as far as I have been able to verify) only minor changes, suffers from a common disadvantage of such collections — lack of structure. Nearly half of the book is taken up with various aspects of Einstein's life and work, offshoots of the author's professional interest as a historian of science, while the rest covers more general topics in science and philosophy before turning to public policy and education. There is much of value for a variety of specialists throughout, but the whole will be heavy going for any but a handful of readers. Gerald Holton writes clearly and makes his points well, but he is not among the golden few who compel our attention to ideas in areas we had never before thought interesting. One of the longest essays is reprinted from *Daedalus*, in a style consonant with that worthy organ of the American intellectual. Those who have grappled with its learned and informative analyses of current problems will appreciate that this is not an unmixt commendation.

It would have been better for Holton to have put his thoughts together into a coherent book, to reveal more clearly how the different aspects of his work relate to each other. As it is we are left with the impression that he has rather less interest in what he originally wrote and has left much of the mechanical detail to the assistants whose help he acknowledges. As a result, several personal names are wrongly spelt and, beyond belief in an authority on Einstein, there is a ludicrous mistake about what the initials stand for in the celebrated EPR paradox.

HERMOGENES On Types of Style

Translated by Cecil W. Wooten

"Hermogenes' *On Types of Style* is the most sophisticated ancient treatise of the subject and was very influential both in Byzantine and in Renaissance times. . . . Wooten has endeavored to make a difficult text accessible both to classical scholars and to those with more general literary interests." —D. A. Russell, St. John's College, Oxford

Cecil Wooten has produced the first translation into any modern language of a key treatise of the ancient world. He provides a faithful English translation of Hermogenes' analysis based on a reliable Greek text established by Rabe at the beginning of this century and includes a substantial scholarly introduction and notes that will help the reader better understand Hermogenes, his exposition, and the historical and cultural context in which it was produced. This translation makes *On Types of Style* accessible to classicists as well as Byzantinists, students and scholars of the Renaissance, rhetoricians, and, more broadly, students of literary criticism at any level.

£18.95

University of
North Carolina Press
1 Gower Street London
WC1E 6HA

On a more serious level of criticism I am puzzled, and also disturbed, by a chapter comparing and contrasting the lives of Heisenberg and Oppenheimer. The puzzle lies in the choice of these two for comparison, since the connection between them is tenuous. Oppenheimer, for all his immense intelligence, is interesting more as the leader of the vast technical effort that produced the atomic bomb, and afterwards as a political scapegoat, than as an innovative theoretical physicist, while Heisenberg is one of the supreme figures in the history of ideas. What is disturbing is Holton's remark that "Heisenberg and his colleagues succeeded in making most people believe they really never seriously tried to develop nuclear weapons", with an implication that is unsupported by any quoted evidence. Indeed Goudsmit, an unsympathetic commentator, makes clear in his book *Alsos* that Heisenberg and the other captive German scientists were astounded when they were told of Hiroshima. It is true that Heisenberg had great gifts of persuasion, but I do not think he was a liar. Whatever his skill at presenting the truth in the most favourable light, he deserves to be believed when he says he judged Germany could not muster the resources to make a bomb in time to affect the outcome, and advised accordingly; after all, his judgment was perfectly correct. As a patriotic German (I prefer that to Goudsmit's description "ideals distorted by extreme nationalism") he would have given all possible help to such a project if he had ever guessed the Americans could have succeeded, but it seems likely he failed to think of the essential technical tricks and certainly he had no idea of the industrial resources they would bring to bear. He could therefore say, in all honesty, how relieved he was to be able to give the advice he did.

Perhaps this is overstressing what is at worst an isolated lapse, and not closely related to Holton's primary concern, which is to understand the way scientists work — their unstated assumptions concerning the basic nature of the material world, their metaphors, their debt (if any) to philosophical theory. The picture he builds up departs considerably from the tabloid Popper-man of modern mythology, with falsifiability as the touchstone of scientific truth. Instead we appreciate more fully the complexities of strength and fallibility that the creative scientist shares with the whole of imaginative humanity. Whether another scientist agrees entirely with Holton's analysis is of small importance compared with the merit of the enterprise. I shall therefore not dwell on a number of disputable points which would provide ma-

terial for leisurely and enjoyable discussion.

There is, however, a recurrent image in these essays that I feel conveys a wrong impression. For example, describing the birthpangs of a radically new concept, Holton says "Giving up an explicitly or implicitly held presupposition . . . is often a climax of a period that in retrospect is characterized by the word *despair*". Before making too much of this — the same word is apparently used by many scientists — one should ask what was intended by the ambiguous word *despair*. There is the world of difference between the spiritual annihilation of wanhope, and the state of mind, perhaps better called desperation, of a powerful thinker when brought to a halt by a problem that instinct tells him is waiting to be solved. The great ideas of science, and not only science, are generally the outcome of something close to manic compulsion, in the grip of which the victim fights the more stubbornly the more invincible his foe seems to be. When sudden illumination brings him victory he may indeed describe his previous feelings as despair but will add, unlike the victim of wanhope, that it is such torments and overcoming them that make the whole enterprise worth while.

These are the Everest-climbers, the heroic intelligences. In all human activities it is they who attract the historian and supply the ordinary man with his epics. Whether they provide an adequate foundation for social planning is questionable, though it is questioned less in America than elsewhere. The optimism of the frontiersman and trust in the possibility of personal betterment are themata (to use Holton's word) that underlie his attitude to problems of education in a high-tech culture. Yet veneration of the great should stop short of emulation if we wish to develop our lesser talents to the full. By all means let us discover for ourselves, and pass on to others, the tale of how Jefferson mastered new sciences and contributed to technology while leading a young and headstrong nation. But educational policy must be founded on humbler, rarely chronicled achievements — the success that every good teacher remembers with pride and strives to repeat.

Of course, Holton is not unaware of this. He is deeply worried by the growing chasm between the educated and those who have rejected intellectual excellence, and in a thoughtful article exposes the obstacles in the way of developing successful educational policy. They are, by the way, not too different from our own, but I do not think that anyone in this country capable of his analysis would have left the matter without suggesting, at least tentatively, some courses of action. His argument

betrays weakness in looking forward to a device that encourages cumulative improvement over the long haul" with some assurance that such a device will be vouchsafed, though it is not clear by whom.

It was in the hope of finding something more substantial that I turned to the hitherto unpublished Jefferson Lecture which gives the book its title. For all its scholarship, however, and wholehearted commitment to the highest excellence, it also stops short of practicalities. The Washington audience, heavily packed with policy-makers, must have enjoyed its presentation; were they equally delighted by the absence of anything that might force them to take action? Neither President nor presidential advisers will have lost much sleep over the conclusion, "The nation does not lack good ideas. Rather, it is the scale and seriousness of current efforts which are inadequate. An assertion of national will and leadership is surely needed to learn how to live in the modern age while preserving one's dignity and self-governance."

Holton would be perfectly entitled to ask if could do better, and I really think I could. Cultural leadership cannot come from a president or a prime minister unless there is a strong measure of consensus among those who will carry out the reform. If, as many scientists agree, it is highly desirable that scientific literacy should be a central pivot of education, is the responsibility of some of us to put aside for a while our fascinating research (much of which could be postponed without loss to society) and devote our minds to a more challenging problem. This would involve, for example, reorganizing school and university education so that many more students learnt something of science without the implicit assumption that a full-dress professional treatment is the only way to impart understanding. Also, we in the universities must discipline ourselves not to lean on the schools to turn out novice specialists as university fodder, when they should be concentrating on the need to give all in their care an education that can benefit from even if, and especially if, it's the last formal training they get. These are my hobby-horses, and there is a troop of others waiting in other minds to be groomed and paraded. What is lacking is passionate commitment to the task of picking the winners. From my own perspective I echo Holton's opening, "The nation does not lack good ideas", but would conclude differently: it is those with ideas who must demonstrate their serious desire to see the best of the good ideas inculcate the national will, so as to be proper material for the exercise of leadership.

claims, introducing us to many of the problems which have exercised mathematicians through the centuries. Stewart chooses a couple of dozen specific problems which have generated dramatic advances in knowledge during the last few years, and explains the background to each question in such a way as to make clear why it was natural for mathematicians to be curious about it. He then describes the ideas which were developed in order to answer the question, and the new problems which grew out of these ideas.

Mathematics as taught to students is usually ahistorical: it is presented in the form of completed deductive theories. This is the most economical way to transmit a mass of technical information, but it leaves most people cold (including a large proportion of mathematical students). It is also the easiest way for mathematicians to communicate with one another, which is why successful books like *The Problems of Mathematics* are rare. Fortunately Stewart, as well as being a mathematician, is a good storyteller, and the result is a collection of lively tales of human curiosity and ingenuity. They range from the Babylonians and the ancient Greeks, through Fermat, Bernoulli and Newton, up to some remarkable achievements of the 1980s. In subject matter they span the whole range of mathematical thought, from the most abstract theory of transfinite sets to the dynamics of turbulent liquids and the future of the solar system.

However, it is not only the diversity but also the unity of mathematics which comes across; we are shown how often concepts developed to

solve a particular problem find themselves unexpectedly playing the key role in a completely different field. A well-known case is the role of Riemannian geometry in the physics of relativity; or the remarkable turn-round which occurred in 1983, when gauge-field theory (invented to explain the physics of fundamental particles) was used to solve outstanding problems in four-dimensional topology. We are told how the mystery of Euclid's "parallel axiom" was finally cleared up in the nineteenth century, with the discovery of non-Euclidean geometries, and how in the 1970s these surprisingly provided the key to understanding three-dimensional manifolds. We can now see how the logicians' bizarre creation of non-standard analysis finally gave a respectable home to those "ghosts of departed quantities" as Bishop Berkeley called Newton's "fluxions" — thus justifying in a completely unexpected manner the intuition which gave birth to the calculus (without calculus Neil Armstrong would never have got to the Moon).

Each of the numerous short chapters is packed with ideas. The mathematics is explained without technicalities; but it is not plain: Of course, not all the topics are dealt with equally convincingly; some of this century's truly wonderful achievements, such as the application of abstract geometrical ideas to solve deep mysteries of arithmetic, cannot be done full justice in a few pages of popular exposition. But there is a lot to be learned from this deceptively easy-going book, and most readers will find the author's enthusiasm

Blasting and bombardiering

Michael Mallett

SIMON PEPPER and NICHOLAS ADAMS
Firearms and Fortifications: Military architecture and siege warfare in sixteenth-century Siena 245pp. University of Chicago Press. £21.25. 0226 00535 6

In the sixteenth century the tempo of warfare slowed after the initial sound and fury of the Italian Wars. The increasing size of armies, the growing proportion of infantry, problems of discipline, supply and pay were all a part of this. But the most authoritative recent accounts — those of Geoffrey Parker and Sir John Hale — see the crux of the change as the growing importance of sieges, as the development of effective fortification, defended by gunpowder and cannon, first in siege warfare and ultimately in battle, was a technological breakthrough which changed the military scene for ever was long overdue for reappraisal. It poses the problem, however, of why gun-

powder technology failed to match the advances in defensive systems. Too little work has been done on the sieges of the sixteenth century to reveal the precise mechanisms of the confrontations and the alliances between architects and gunners.

Simon Pepper and Nicholas Adams, in *Firearms and Fortifications: Military architecture and siege warfare in sixteenth-century Siena*, have made a substantial contribution to filling this gap. The War of Siena (1552-5) was a war of sieges in which Imperial and Florentine forces sought to seize control of southern Tuscany from the French. The siege of Siena itself lasted for fifteen months and ended in a surrender of the city on terms, with the French defenders marching out with flying colours. Pepper and Adams describe in detail the extent to which the fortifications of medieval Siena had been modified, first by Baldassare Peruzzi between 1527 and 1532, and then by the addition of an incomplete citadel and some other outworks in the early 1550s. In relation to the total size of the *enclave* the modifications were not extensive; Siena, like most other European cities, was not provided with a complete bastioned defensive system at this stage. Yet, 30,000 Imperial troops failed to take it by storm; indeed, during the fifteen months of the siege the fortifications were only once subjected to serious bombardment. That bombardment, in January 1555, took weeks to prepare and produced negligible results. Giangiacomo de' Medici, Marquis of Marignano, commander of the Florentine-Im-

perial forces, was in the end only able to bring nine guns to bear on the chosen section of the walls; the defenders had time to prepare a retrenchment, and indeed a killing-ground, behind this expected breach, and to direct an effective counter-bombardment against the siege guns. In this case, as in a number of other smaller sieges described in the book, the stalemate derived not from the strength of the fortifications but from the inadequacy of the siege artillery and the gunners. Lack of mobility of the siege guns, slow rates of fire, inaccuracy, the high cost of balls and powder, and above all the relative ease with which makeshift counter-measures could be prepared: these are the messages which emerge from a careful study of the Siennese and Florentine sources.

However, there is more to this book than a detailed account of fortifications and siege warfare. The introductory chapters on the general nature of early artillery and the fortifications against it are excellent concise descriptions of the subject. The emphasis on logistics and morale, and on the preparation for war, is very much in keeping with modern approaches to the wider problems of early modern warfare. A number of relatively minor military architects and engineers who worked for Siena, in addition to Peruzzi, deservedly emerge into the limelight, including the shadowy Maestro Giorgio di Giovanni, better known as a painter of *avioleone* for the Libri della Biccherna, who played a major role in engineering the successful defence of Montalcino in 1553. The book even throws new light

on the historical value of some of Vasari's frescoes in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, which portray the events described. Photographs, contemporary drawings and paintings, and carefully prepared plans and diagrams, provide a satisfying support to the text.

Firearms and Fortifications is, though, quite a short book. While it sets sixteenth-century siegecraft in a general context, it does not attempt to draw in comparative material or seek to deflect any doubts that the reader might have about the application of the insights gained from these Tuscan sieges to the wider issues of early modern warfare. There is little space for development of a chronological context for the discussions of topics like the role of earthworks or the emergence of urban citadels as instruments of a repressive power. Both these themes are made to appear as peculiar to the sixteenth century, whereas they have substantially longer histories, particularly in late medieval warfare in Lombardy. Finally, the slight sense of insularity is heightened by a reluctance to look for sources outside Siena and Florence. It was not just Florentines who would have been interested in Peruzzi's bastions or the Spanish citadel at San Prospero; observers from other states in Siena would undoubtedly have been sending out reports. The writing of the history of the Italian States becomes increasingly dependent on sources outside those States after 1450. But these are intended to be only muted complaints about a book of considerable originality and scholarly value.

Fitting out a fleet

Kenneth Andrews

CARLA RAHN PHILLIPS
Six Galleons for the King of Spain: Imperial defense in the early seventeenth century 318pp. Johns Hopkins University Press. £29.45. 0801813092 3

In 1625 Marín de Arana, a nobleman of Bilbao whose family had long been interested in shipping and shipbuilding, contracted to build and furnish six galleons for King Philip IV of Spain. This contract, its implementation and the employment of the galleons constitute a kind of peg on which Carla Rahn Phillips hangs a deeply researched study of Spain's Atlantic navy in the early seventeenth century, a subject which, as treated here, is both fascinating in its particulars and stimulating in its wider implications. Focusing on a critical decade, the book opens with one disaster, the loss of the treasure fleet of 1629 to the Dutch at Matanzas (Cuba), and closes with another, the battle of the Downs, where Admiral Tromp in 1639 crushingly defeated the armada bound for Flanders under Don Antonio de Oquendo. Yet this is not a naval narrative in the old style, but a work of analysis, based on an impressive range of archival material, chiefly at Simancas and Seville.

Three chapters describe the construction and furnishing of Arana's galleons, with reference to contemporary methods of naval procurement and shipbuilding. While the technical matters described here (and plentifully illustrated with contemporary pictures, modern drawings and elaborate tables of measurements, costs, artillery, etc) may well be regarded by some readers as the hard core of the author's contribution, others may dwell on the larger problem which faced the Crown with the decline of Spain's shipbuilding industry at a time when more and better ships were needed for the great Indies *flotas* and the galleons which accompanied them or operated in separate armadas. Although it cannot be said that the discussion of the state of Spain's merchant marine is entirely clear, the account of the role of the galleons in Atlantic trade, and defence may help to dispel misunderstandings.

We learn considerably more here than we knew before about the variable mix of royal, bureaucratic authority and private enterprise, both in the provision of Spain's warships and in the conduct of its American trade. Out of a jumbled mass of orders, reports, letters, lists and accounts Ms Phillips creates in one substantial chapter a vivid picture of the prepara-

tion of the special fleet sent to the Indies in August 1629 following the Matanzas catastrophe. This frenetic operation, carried out against an acute shortage of time and money, is aptly chosen for study, for in it appear, caricatured not by the author but by the crisis itself, the typical features of Spain's Atlantic war effort. We observe the ways of the victualling contractor whose command of cash enables him to exploit the necessities of the Crown; the combing of ports for seamen desperate enough to be tempted by advance wages; the cynicism of the captain-general, who has seen it all before.

A section of the chapter about crews analyses the Crown's scale of wages in the mid-1630s, suggesting that the common sailors had achieved a far slower advance than their betters since c 1500, and that in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the Crown relied on coercion and poverty rather than on wage-inducements to recruit deck-hands for its armadas. What is lacking is a comparison of these with wages in the private sector, and a similar comment applies to the equally interesting chapter on diet and health. For the tension between the demands of the State and the resources of the merchant marine is one of the themes involved in the great transition of the seventeenth century in the character and provenance of shipping for the wars. This transition, from reliance mainly on conscripted or voluntary merchantmen to the dominance of State navies, occurred in the Netherlands, England and France as well as Spain, and some comparative reference to these non-Hispanic experiences would have been welcome.

In an ambitious study of this kind experts, amateurs and others will find many minor points to argue about, but perhaps only one cause to worry: in what sense, if at all, can one regard this mountain of office paper as evidence of what actually went on in the dockyards and aboard the ships? It is difficult not to be impressed, as Ms Phillips clearly is, by the powerful hum of the bureaucratic machine, the solemnity, elaborateness and apparent rigour of official procedures, the ethos of service which inspired many of Spain's high command, both civil and military. But what actual pay, what actual rations, as distinct from the official rates and doctored, did those sailors receive? Should we, as she suggests, give the captains-general the benefit of the doubt, discounting the accusations of fraud without further investigation? Such questions spring to the mind continually even as it feeds on so rich a cargo of information, but in the end gratitude must prevail for a notable advance in a subject long obscured by ignorance and naval punditry.

Treatments of a sacred text

Inner voyager

Obstacles in the way

TLS

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Criminal proceedings

T. J. Binyon

ELMORE LEONARD
Bandits
345pp. Viking. £10.95.
0 670 81586 1

Ex-con Jack Delaney, once a hotel thief, is working in his brother-in-law's funeral parlour in New Orleans – until he's sent to pick up a corpse who turns out to be alive, and meets Lucy Nichols, a former nun who's running a single-handed crusade against the Nicaraguan Contras, and specifically against one of their leaders, Colonel Dagoberto Godoy. With a letter of recommendation from Reagan in his pocket, the colonel is soliciting contributions for the cause from rich Southern rednecks. Lucy, Jack and some friends from the Louisiana State Penitentiary feel that the money could be spent on better things than arms for the Contras, especially since no one, including his associates, really trusts the colonel. The subject couldn't be more topical, and though the plot's suitably broken-backed, Leonard's ear for dialogue is as acute, and his portrayal of lowlife characters as brilliant as ever.

JOAN SMITH
A Masculine Ending
186pp. Faber. £9.95.
0 571 14751 8

Loretta Lawson, a lecturer in English at the University of London, is looking forward to a pleasant weekend in Paris discussing the tyranny of masculine grammatical forms with her colleagues on the editorial collective of *Fem Sup*. Her hopes are blighted, however, when she uncovers evidence of what seems to be murder in the *piéd-à-terre* in the rue Roland which she has borrowed from a friend in the department. The trail provided by a review copy of a deconstructionist work on Dickens leads back to England and Oxford, where

Loretta pursues her investigations with a great deal of vigour, if rather less wit. A cheerful, lively and imaginative first novel – rather like Loretta herself, in fact. It would be churlish to complain that it's never explained why Loretta should wish to involve herself in the affair, or to point out that almost every detail on academic life at Oxford is incorrect.

RODERIC JEFFRIES
Relatively Dangerous
182pp. Collins. £8.95.
0 00 232111 4

Inspector Alvarez of the Mallorquin police is instructed to establish the identity of two tourists who have died in a car crash in the mountains. It seems like a morning's work, but as Alvarez investigates he discovers a complicated tangle which involves a number of the English expatriates on the island. As always, Alvarez, with his views on Mallorca past and present, on expatriates and their life, on food, brandy, women and the amount of work a policeman should be asked to do, is a delight; and he's a good detective as well. Fully up to the standard of Roderic Jeffries's previous Inspector Alvarez stories.

HOWARD ENGEL
A City Called July
284pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0 575 04019 X

Canadian Benny Cooperman, the best-known private detective in Grantham, on the Niagara peninsula, is asked by the rabbi and president of the B'nai Shalom Congregation to look into the disappearance of Larry Geller, a lawyer who has vanished together with two million dollars belonging to most of the members of Grantham's Jewish community. Unwillingly Benny agrees to help, and finds himself in a tangle of municipal corruption, fraudulent contracts and organized crime. Neat, fast and funny, with good wisecracks from everyone; and Benny does a good job of detection as well.

THE TIMES



Henry James in focus

By abridging his five-volume *Life of Henry James* into one book, Leon Edel has brought the writer's development into the foreground, as the richly detailed background recedes. Peter Ackroyd reviews it in *The Times* next Thursday

... and regularly in *The Times*, Bernard Levin on the way we live now, Philip Howard on words, Jane MacQuitty on wine, Irving Wardle at the theatre, Barbara Amiel's viewpoint, Paul Griffiths on music, Clifford Longley on the Church, Jonathan Meades on eating out, David Robinson on the cinema, David Sinclair on rock, the unique *Times* crossword... and much more each week



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Columbia: Missouri UP, dist. by Harper and Row. 223pp. £24.50. 0 8262 0609 3.

FIFTY YEARS ON

The TLS of July 17, 1937, carried a review of Stéphane Mallarmé's *Thèmes Anglaises* pour toutes les grammaires (the manuscript of which had recently been discovered), from which the following extracts are taken:

"Le savant et ingénieux professeur du Lycée Fontanes", Stéphane Mallarmé, published one text-book on the English language for the use of schools and projected several more. The manuscript of one of these... is here published (with a preface by Paul Valéry)...

The fact that this odd but not in itself very exciting manuscript is the work of Mallarmé has suggested to M. Valéry a number of interesting reflections. He gives a moving description of the poet teaching an inattentive class, or unable to enjoy the beauty of the autumn for thinking how soon he must return to his toll. And this leads M. Valéry to consider the position of all those whose productions are entirely useless; the worst of all the many expedients open to the writer, now or in the past, is, he thinks, to sell what he writes.

Though Mallarmé was never driven to this, he was bored to extinction by his profession, and only at the beginning did he make some attempts, among which this book must be counted, to accommodate himself to it, but he

Williams, A. Susan The Rich Man and the Disposed Poor in Early Victorian Literature
Macmillan. 152pp. £27.50. 0 333 38473 3. 2/7/87.

Yenser, Stephen The Consuming Myth: The work of James Merrill
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Mathematics

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